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IT IS SIGNIFICANT that the first anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti was observed throughout the world on August 23 without any violence anywhere. These two men upon whom a complacent and prosperous society laid violent hands, preferring to put them to death without a fair trial rather than endanger—as it supposed—the safety of its economic system, have happily not left a trail of similar violence behind them. Their memory has been commemorated in peace and reason as they themselves would have wished. After great difficulty in obtaining a hall, the Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers in Boston gathered to pay quiet and sincere homage to the dead Italians. In New York City there was an outdoor meeting at which a large guard of police had nothing to do, while the Debs Memorial Radio Station devoted its afternoon program to Sacco and Vanzetti. There were many other observances in this country and abroad in spite of the verdict of the Boston *Herald* a year ago: "The chapter is closed." Perhaps one chapter is closed, but another has been begun and many others will follow. May they all be as free from violence and unreason as the memorial meetings this year!

THE LIVELIEST INCIDENT in connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti observances was the conclusion reached by the Boston police that in the remarks which he made at the meeting in their city, Horace M. Kallen had been guilty of blasphemy according to the Massachusetts statute of 1640, the law under which Anthony Bimba was prosecuted. What stirred the religious sensibilities of the Boston police was Dr. Kallen's assertion that "if Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, so were Jesus Christ, Socrates," and others, a conclusion in which all reasoning persons would agree. But Boston police are sensitive plants, and the idea so shocked them that they sought and obtained a warrant for Dr. Kallen's arrest after he had departed from their city. Dr. Kallen, who is attached to the staff of the New School for Social Research in New York, was the star pupil in Harvard University of William James and later became his literary executor. The passion of pious Boston to burn him as a witch—possibly on a pyre in the middle of the Harvard Yard—should make even marble-hearted Massachusetts rock with laughter. The justice of a State which in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti showed itself as incompetent and blood-seeking is now revealed as uproariously ridiculous.

CHURCHGOERS WHO SO DISLIKE the new parson that they turn in dudgeon to the parson of a rival sect across the street, usually proclaim loudly that they have not deserted the faith of their fathers. Some of the political sectarians do not like the new parsons, but none of them admits that the parson makes the creed of the church. Nicholas Murray Butler has added to his denunciation of Hoover's doctrine a canonical indorsement of Al Smith's acceptance sermon, but he insists that he does so as a good Republican; ex-Senator Owen is barnstorming for Hoover in Oklahoma as, he says, the apostle of old-fashioned, pre-Tammany Democracy. Henry Curran, once the Republican candidate for mayor of New York City, comes out for Smith, but as a Republican. Meanwhile the staid New York *Herald Tribune*, still dripping Wet but staunch for the Grand Old Party, performs daily miracles of political gymnastics in attempting to prove that the best way to end prohibition is to vote for Mr. Hoover. The Hoover strategists of course count on party loyalty to outweigh the Wet-and-Dry issue in the East, and the Smith generals rely upon the South to remain faithful to the holy Democratic church even though its candidate repudiate every principle for which the Southern Democracy has ever stood. It is an amusing spectacle. It is also a healthy chapter in American political education. However much we differ on his chosen issues we pay our tribute of respect to every politician who dares to set principle above party loyalty and bolt.

NICE GIRLS CAN STAY at the New Bedford Y.W.C.A. but girls who get arrested on the picket-line in a strike are not nice girls. That is the interpretation of Christianity and law and order made by the executive committee of the New Bedford Y.W.C.A. which ejected Miss Sadie Reisch of the Women's Trade Union League and Miss Josephine Kaczor of the United Textile Workers because they were arrested by New Bedford police while leading picket-lines of strikers. The Y.W.C.A. officials prejudged the case of these girls who had committed no act of violence but who had been captured by the police in a general raid

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upon strike pickets who were peacefully walking on the street. Fortunately for the reputation of the Y.W.C.A. the action of the New Bedford officials is not approved by the national organization. In a letter to President William Green of the American Federation of Labor the National Industrial Committee of the Y.W.C.A. deplores the action of the New Bedford group. Also the papers of New Bedford have joined in a chorus of condemnation. Meanwhile the strike of 28,000 cotton-mill workers against a 10 per cent wage-cut goes on with sustained enthusiasm and courage. Few strikes in American labor history have been more remarkable. After nineteen weeks of fighting and starving, and after police have reduced the strikers' picket-lines to a mere shadow by frequent and arbitrary arrests, the mills are today almost as idle as when the strike began.

THE FATE OF BEN BESS, a colored man in the South Carolina State penitentiary, is still undecided. He was pardoned by Governor Richards about three months ago; shortly thereafter he was placed in prison again for "safe keeping." His pardon came, after he had served thirteen years of a thirty-year sentence, when the charge of criminally assaulting a white woman which had caused his conviction was withdrawn by the woman who had originally made it. Believing that she was on her death-bed, Mrs. Maude Collins signed an affidavit to that effect. But Mrs. Collins recovered, and the document which she had hoped would ease her conscience led instead to a threat of trial for perjury. She then issued an explanatory statement declaring that she had not understood (since she could neither read nor write) what she was signing in the confession affidavit. She had not intended, she said, to repudiate her original charge against Bess but had merely wanted to "forgive" him for what he had "done" to her. Governor Richards revoked his pardon on the ground that it had been obtained through fraud. Meanwhile, however, M. C. Townsend, a master in equity for the Richmond Circuit Court, has reviewed the evidence in the case and handed down a decision. He has ruled that "no fraud whatsoever was perpetrated against" Mrs. Collins and that in signing the affidavit "she, together with her son, had plenty of opportunity to acquaint themselves with the true facts set forth therein." Furthermore, it was found "that the statement it was only to forgive the accused was made after it was brought to her attention that probably she would be prosecuted for perjury." But Ben Bess is still in prison.

A SIGNAL VICTORY for free speech was scored by the Debs Radio Station when the Federal Radio Commission voted to extend its license beyond September 1. The victory belongs to the thousands of progressives in all parts of the United States who deluged the Radio Commission with protests when the license of Station WEVD was threatened. Perhaps the Radio Commission realized that the suppression of this non-profit-making progressive station at the height of the Presidential campaign would underscore the Socialist charge that power interests dominate the air. At any rate the commission was fair and courteous in handling the Debs-station case and it announced that the director of the station had pursued "a very satisfactory policy." Now that the station has won the right to exist, it is making a vigorous demand for better wave-length and time distribution. Its low wave-length now excludes it from many Manhattan receivers, and it has only one night a week to reach the labor audience at home. An ambitious educational program has been worked out for the fall and winter with a weekly forum on Sunday afternoons and lectures on Tuesday evenings. The program is excellent, but who will hear it? The Debs station, with nationally prominent educators and lecturers, must yield nearly all its most valuable time to commercial competitors who fill the air with trivial entertainment. We would like to see WEVD given a wave-length and time distribution with which it could make a thorough test of the radio as an instrument in workers' education. This might be accomplished by another deluge of letters addressed to the Federal Radio Commission, Washington, D. C.

AMONG THE NEWEST publications we welcome the *New England Quarterly*, published, curiously enough, in the city of Baltimore, which was once so glad to jail that New England champion of abolition, William Lloyd Garrison. But the town of publication is accidental. The spirit of the *Quarterly* is thoroughly that of an enlightened New England, whose life and letters, the cover announces, are to be the subject matter—not that Massachusetts which executed Sacco and Vanzetti and is as ready to lynch any heretic as its broadcloth mobs of the eighteen-forties were ready to hang Abolitionists. The board of editors, of which the notable Harvard historian, Samuel Eliot Morison, is the senior, with Lawrence S. Mayo as managing editor, gives promise that we shall have an historical magazine worthy of the name, and the first three issues affirm the promise. Not that we believe the editors will find their work easy, or desirable manuscripts too many. But the opportunity is there which we look to see well utilized. The July issue is distinguished by the delightful reminiscences of one Joel Shepard, who went to the Revolutionary War, and by an article Walt Whitman Looks at Boston, the city which compelled in 1882 the withdrawal from publication of "Leaves of Grass" as today it continues in the stupid and dirty business of suppressing other worth-while volumes.

CYNICAL AND ABLE, at times brilliant, George Harvey was. Yet neither in his conduct of the Harper's publishing company nor of the *North American Review* was he a success. True, his own editorials were amusing, biting, censorious, and often unusually well-informed, but when he laid down his pen the *Review* lapsed into a desuetude from which it is only beginning to emerge. As a politician Harvey earned more praise than he deserved. He was the first editor to bring forward Woodrow Wilson as a Presidential candidate and, until the episode with Henry Watterson which Wilson accepted as an effort to deliver him to his bounden enemy Big Business, Harvey was truly the Warwick of the Wilson preconvention campaign. But he cooled rapidly and later became one of Wilson's bitterest and most effective critics. His lack of principle became apparent enough later, when he joined forces with Warren Harding, the antithesis of Wilson in personality and in purposes. When the saintly Mr. Harding arrived in the White House, Colonel Harvey achieved the original aim of his Wilson days—he became American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, where he interested and at times amused his British audiences but achieved none too much. He was plainly meant by nature to achieve far more than he did with cynicism's heavy hand always upon him.

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Leo Tolstoi: 1828-1928

TOLSTOI'S fame in his closing days was best measured, perhaps, by the almost universal consternation aroused by the news of his disappearance from Yasnaya Polyana in November, 1910. The spectacle of this gigantic old man wandering alone over Russia in an endeavor to find God at last and to come to peace with himself could not fail to impress, even to terrify, any human being conscious of what had been going on in the world throughout the nineteenth century, and conscious too of what had gone on in the mind and soul of Count Tolstoi.

What went on there we are not so presumptuous as to say. No one knows precisely, even in this day when biographers are so ready to dissect the souls of famous men and publish the construction thereof. But that a tumult was there no one has ever doubted; and only mean minds refuse to respect that tumult, whatever they may conclude as to its justification or its significance. It was the agony of a man sick with civilization and exhausted by a lifelong attempt to reconcile the ideas of that civilization with the facts of his own nature. We now know, if we never guessed before, that Tolstoi was caught in such a struggle from the days of his youth when he first began to think and feel. The recently published "Diary" of his formative years reveals a young man beset with all the conflicts which he was to try to resolve during his many days of fame as author, land-owner, husband, and social philosopher. And the psychological portrait in Hugh I'Anson Fausset's book last spring, "Tolstoi: The Inner Drama," was convincing evidence of a certain major conflict always faced without ever being truly resolved.

Tolstoi was no player with paradoxes. He never said anything save through compulsion, and so he was not echoing the eighteenth-century doctrine of nature when he declared against all modern civilization. That is a pretty idea, and one which has furnished themes to thousands of poets, story-tellers, and sociologists; but it had no attractions for Tolstoi. Tolstoi, indeed, pulled back from his contemplation of nature—at least of the nature within himself—with the same horror and loathing that he came to feel for the morals of most men. When he renounced desire in the forms of sex and greed it was as if an element had turned against itself. That the renunciation was never wholly successful is a tribute to the power of nature, and perhaps it is the proof that Tolstoi was wrong. But that does not matter. Tolstoi wrong was vastly more impressive than other men right, just as the new Russia, right or wrong, is immeasurably more impressive than the comfortable nations which persist in calling her absurd. There is something about the Russian temperament which makes it go wrong—if it does go wrong—sublimely. Tolstoi's primitive Christianity is as different from our fundamentalism as Russia is from Rhode Island, or as any of his novels is from any of ours. Nowhere on earth today, says a distinguished American, is there an optimism so simple and so terrible as that of the new Russians. And nowhere during the hundred years since Tolstoi's birth has there been an artist so powerfully compelled as he.

To say that Tolstoi is the greatest novelist of these hundred years is to say something which cannot be proved in view of the many gulfs between him and such figures as Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, Proust, Dickens, Thackeray, Hardy, Bennett, Hawthorne, James, Dreiser, Mann, Nexo, Hamsun, and, in his own country, Dostoevski. But it may be said that no writer of narrative in any age was ever more convincing than the author of "The Cossacks," "Anna Karenina," "War and Peace," "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "Twenty-three Tales"—yes, even "Resurrection," propagandist as it was. And it may be said of him with reference to the other novelists just named that his range includes many of theirs; he hugged their styles and universes to his bosom along with his own. It is customary to contrast him with his greatest contemporary, Dostoevski, and there are those worshipers of Dostoevski who cannot see in Tolstoi anything at all of the command over mystery which certainly distinguishes the author of "The Brothers Karamazov." Yet it is blindness not to see what Tolstoi accomplishes in this direction. It means nothing to call him a realist, at least if one intends by that term to denote that he was confined to an account of externals—whatever externals may be. A great novelist is much less concerned than the rest of us with the distinction between outside and inside since he is better aware of both. Tolstoi, as it happens, never spoke of anything except the things of human nature which can be seen and heard, yet it is doubtful if he was any the less successful in suggesting the depth of man's universe.

Maxim Gorki, visiting Tolstoi in his old age, noticed that his hands were like no others he had seen. They were creatures in themselves, with life and character and animal identity, so that when the aged prophet reached across the table to pick up a card it was as if, says Gorki, the hand felt the card to be alive—a bird there on the cloth waiting to be caught. That is the kind of artist he was. The world for him was living in every stick and hair, and his sense of this is communicated to the reader of his books by means much too subtle for analysis. He did not have to resort to devices for making his people or his situations real; they were real for him before he wrote a line, so that all he needed to do, apparently, was to proceed directly and very simply with the events at hand. So it would seem. There was art, of course, in his singling out the large ears of Alexei Alexandrovich for description in "Anna Karenina"; they are perhaps the chief means by which, as Mr. Galsworthy says elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, we are made to feel toward Anna's husband as she feels herself. But it was art of which he may have been unconscious. And it was art of such a sort that, being a perfect master of it himself, he could despise it when he saw it being striven after in the books of others.

"What is Art?," which repudiated virtually all the art of the world including his own, is outrageous—and mainly true. Tolstoi's discussion of emotion and its communication through music and painting and story is one of the few profound contributions ever made to aesthetic theory, whatever we may think of his specific judgments. But he was always profound, as he was always simple and—if you like—insane. There was never any man like him before, and we must not expect to have his like again.

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Those "Peace Pacts"

THE Kellogg peace pacts have been signed at Paris by the United States, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and the British dominions; and other nations will be permitted to ratify them at a later date. Upon the earnest insistence of Germany, it is reported, even Russia's signature will be accepted. Talking motion pictures have recorded every moment of the solemn ratification of this new "charter of peace"; and the world has been informed *in extenso* that war has been outlawed and a great forward step toward peace been made.

There is no doubt that these treaties are the product of a world-wide demand that the statesmen move to outlaw war. They have never been popular in the chancelleries; and it has been the people's voice for peace which has insisted that they be drafted and signed. But in the drafting, perhaps, something of the original ideal has been lost. Edwin M. Borchard, professor of international law at Yale and one of America's leading international jurists, analyzed the pact at the Williamstown Institute (his address is reprinted in our International Relations Section this week) and concluded that "It constitutes no renunciation or outlawry of war, but in fact and in law . . . the most solemn sanction of specific wars that has ever been given to the world. . . . No such broad claim of the right to make war has ever before been recognized." No one refuted Mr. Borchard's analysis of the technical legal effect of the treaties and their accompanying notes. Those who disagreed with him asserted, first, that the notes were not to be taken as seriously as the treaty itself—a strange quibble for those of us who would take the pledges of nations seriously; and, second, that whatever the legalistic meaning of the documents their psychological effect was to commit the world against war.

We believe in reading treaties before signing them. Mr. Borchard's analysis deserves the most careful attention. The United States Senate will shortly be faced with a most cruel dilemma. It will be called upon to ratify, or refuse to ratify, a treaty initiated and sponsored by our own Administration about which the hopes of the world for peace have clustered. A Belgian at Williamstown warned his hearers that Europe could not stand the shock of a rejection of the treaties by our Senate; it "would be water dropped on the mill of the Bolshevists." But if disillusioned men cry out again that their statesmen have deceived them, whose will be the fault—those who point out the illusions dangled before the peoples or those who cynically prepared the pretty mirage?

The world has been led to believe that these treaties point the way toward peace. Despite the subtleties of the reservations and interpretations of their phrasing, they can still be made a force for peace. If the statesmen who preached peace at the birth of these pacts carry on with the logical consequence of their own words, and begin a real disarming, the world will be reassured. The test of the pudding is in the eating; if the statesmen believe in their pact the obstacles to disarmament are slight.

Unfortunately, there is more talk of an Anglo-French naval agreement than of disarmament, and there are more men under arms in Western Europe today than in 1913.

Decency in Divorce

AMERICAN divorce used to be considered a scandal; it has become an institution. It used to be considered a menace to the home; it may come to be looked upon as a bulwark of marriage. Once marriage was regarded as a sacrament in which the Deity played an important mystic role, and no amount of misery was held to justify dissolution of the superhuman bond. But with mysticism and magic out of the way, marriage appears as an arrangement in which two human beings join, eager to form a satisfactory, lasting partnership, but liable to make mistakes. And in such a common-sense light the institution of marriage seems to be most dangerously attacked by those who, insisting that people who have ceased to love each other should continue in joint misery, seek to make divorce difficult.

The idea of indissoluble union has reluctantly given way to the assumption that even the church should permit divorce upon proof of serious injury by one party to the other. A compromise has been effected, but the grounds for divorce are still in part based on the old idea of religious sanction. We say today: "Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder, unless one of this wedded pair commits adultery or other sexual crime, or is intolerably cruel, or, in some States, abandons the party of the second part for certain specified periods of time." The law limps along after social practice; and decent people, looking for divorce but shunning the grosser forms of collusion, travel to Paris or Mexico to find their freedom with a minimum of indecent exposure.

A valuable article in *Harpers Magazine* for July deserves wide reading, for it describes the American divorce situation and contrasts it with the present procedure in Scandinavia. There divorce by mutual consent on mere grounds of incompatibility is allowed after certain formalities and the lapse of a reasonable period of time for reflection and reconsideration; and divorce upon petition of one party is also granted after a slightly longer delay.* The author of the article, Stephen Ewing, examines the effects of this overthrow of the orthodox dogma regarding marriage, and finds that no alarming changes have occurred in the home life of Norway, Sweden, or Denmark. Procedure has merely been made to coincide with current usage and the desires of the people. What has resulted is a growth of tolerance and reason in divorce; at least the more violent outcroppings of hate and jealousy can find no legal expression. The state concerns itself with the proper registration of marriage and divorce; it sees to it that homes are not broken hastily or impulsively; it guards the future of the children. But it does not insist that before a divorce is granted one party must violently attack the character of the other.

America is aware—thanks to Judge Lindsey and other commentators—of the discrepancies in our American practice and theory. We know that our divorce laws encourage —in effect, necessitate—the crime of collusion. But Americans tend to prefer bootlegging to laws that fit the facts. We keep our piety and our practice in separate compartments, and do lip-service to one while we indulge the other like a vice.

* The provisions of the reformed Scandinavian divorce laws appeared in *The Nation* for April 24, 1920.

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It would be useful if a more extended study could be made of the effects of the Scandinavian divorce and marriage laws. The Russian laws are equally liberal, but they form a part of a system of social values quite distinct from our own. The Scandinavians are closer to the Americans in many respects than any other people in Europe. They are Protestants and Nordics; they have a strong penchant for regulation and reform; they shun the "Latin" attitude toward sex and marriage; their women are independent. If they face the facts of their national life with more realism and courage than we, at least their ways are not alien. We could study them as we study ourselves. By such study we might throw light into some of the darkest places in our national life; and none is darker than the processes of American divorce.

Vacations

A VISITOR from Mars arriving in midsummer would see headlines in the New York papers: "Three Die in Heat," "Woman Killed in Crush by Crowds Fleeing from City Heat Wave." But he would be told that the "most important" people were out of town on their vacations.

Our philosophy of vacations is like our philosophy of work. It is not a reasoned theory so much as a grotesque collection of habits based upon class power and perpetuated by inertia. When a subway guard getting twenty-four dollars a week for forty-eight hours of work fifty-two weeks a year is allowed one week's vacation, while a stockholder of the transit company spends the summer in Quebec, the arrangement excites no comment. As Bernard Shaw pointed out long ago, it takes a fresh eye and an alert mind to detect the established fraud in economic practices.

> The ordinary man is insensible to the fraud just as he is insensible to the taste of water, which, being constantly in contact with his mucous membrane, seems to have no taste at all. The villainous moral conditions on which our social system is based are necessarily in constant contact with our moral mucous membrane, and so we lose our sense of their omnipresent meanness and dishonor.

The accepted practice of our industrial system is to give brief vacations or no vacations to manual workers, longer vacations to clerical workers, and still longer to executives, owners, and professionals. The Department of Labor of the State of New York discovered by investigating 1,500 factories that 91 per cent of the plants gave vacations to their office workers, 68 per cent to their foremen, and only 18 per cent to their production workers. The lucky 18 per cent of production workers usually received one week's vacation, while the clerical workers received two.

Government agencies and large corporations tend to be more generous in their vacation policies for manual workers than small concerns. Even the scrubwomen hired by the State of New York get a full month's vacation with pay. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has worked out in its home office a plan for vacations based upon length of service which is more or less typical of many large corporations. The company gives two weeks for clerical workers the first year of service, fifteen days after five years' service, seventeen days after ten years' service, and twenty days after fifteen years' service. But the manual workers of this company, as of many others, are given only a single week of vacation after many years of service.

Behind this corporate and community practice in granting vacations is a vaguely defined philosophy. Men and women who work with their brains are sensitive, fine-strung, in constant need of replenishing burned-out energy; men and women who work primarily with their hands are stolid, ox-like, in need of a thick beefsteak and a sound sleep to prepare them adequately for the next day's work.

This traditional theory of the effects of fatigue on industrial classes has no more truth in it than the superstitions once held by historians concerning the fine blood and biological gentility of the aristocracy. Everyone who works needs a vacation, and the need is greatest among those who work the hardest. A ditch-digger gets tired. Fatigue will destroy his mind and body just as surely as it will destroy the mind and body of a bank president. True, the bank president needs a somewhat more alert mind for examining mortgages, shaking hands cordially, and remembering first names. But this need of extra alertness in the professional and business classes is already provided for by shorter hours of labor. When August comes, the bank president takes a vacation and the ditch-digger does not, because the bank president has the power to take it and the ditch-digger has not.

That is all there is to our theory of vacations. That and habit. For those who have the power to take vacations there are special philosophies and diversions ranging all the way from deep breathing to the perusal of Thoreau. For the manual workers who have not the power to win this extra leisure, there are Sundays—and Coney Island.

The Exploited Indian

THERE are no wild statements or harsh and bitter words in the 847 pages of the latest study* of the Indian in the United States. One is impressed, in fact, by the studied moderation of its language, a moderation maintained in the face of facts and conditions that point to a most wanton neglect, if not downright betrayal, of the American Indian on the part of our government and the Indian Bureau. Yet it would be difficult, were one ever so gifted, to paint a more depressing and appalling picture than this report gives. There are pages that one reads and then rereads with amazement, saying, all the while, surely this cannot be true today in the United States. In this report the Indian is stripped of all the romantic lore and hocus-pocus that the movies like to show, his gaudy beads, gay headdress, and startling war dances. What remains is a race of downtrodden men whose picturesque rituals and culture have been shattered by our missionaries and men of business, who have been left helpless and destitute without a fair opportunity to adapt themselves to the white man's world.

It is in the fields of education and health that the greatest need for immediate attention appears. In the boarding schools, for example, an attempt has been made to feed the children at an average cost of eleven cents a day for each child. And although this meager allowance is supplemented somewhat by supplies from the school farms,

* The Problem of Indian Administration. By the Institute for Government Research. Johns Hopkins Press. $5.

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milk and fresh, green vegetables are virtually lacking from the diet. With more than 27,000 children subjected to these dietary deficiencies the resulting prevalence of disease, especially trachoma and tuberculosis, is easily understandable. The schooling itself is of a most backward character, administered by inferior and incompetent teachers. This is not because the young Indians are incapable of learning, since intelligence tests of various sorts have demonstrated the contrary, but simply because the government has failed to provide sufficient facilities. Schools with a capacity for only 850 have been compelled regularly to enrol a thousand or more, even, the report says, "if there was no place to put them." Actual school work takes up only half the day, the other half being consumed in work to help support the school. The conditions are such that

> In nearly every boarding school one will find children of ten, eleven, and twelve spending four hours a day in more or less heavy industrial work. . . . The work is bad for children of this age, especially children not physically well-nourished; and most of it is in no sense educational.

Then there is evidence that the Indian schoolboys are most heartlessly exploited during their summer vacations. One group of 29 Navajo boys returned to school after 63 days in the Colorado beet-fields "with average net earnings of $5.62, or less than nine cents a day." Only two of this group were over 14; more than half were 11 or 12. No wonder that many of these young Indians when they have finished their "schooling" are in subnormal health, tubercular or deformed, and manifest an intense dislike for farming, if not for all routine labor.

Health administration among the Indians is in a similarly deplorable state. Compared with the general population their mortality rate, both for infants and as a group, is very high. In Arizona the Indian tuberculosis death-rate is seventeen times greater than the general rate for the whole country, while in the Menominee tribe of Wisconsin it is 40 1/3 times the tuberculous death-rate of Wisconsin as a whole. Little, however, is done about this. Sanitariums are inadequate and ill-equipped. Not one, according to the report, meets the minimum requirements of the American Sanitarium Association, and "not a single institution maintains a complete case record of its patients." Again one reads: "At the present time no hospital has an X-ray unit. In some few cases one may find a microscope, but ordinarily their appearance indicates infrequent use." The conditions of poor health are due chiefly to the low standard of living among the great majority of the Indians. Because of their extreme poverty they must live on a cheap diet of ill-cooked starches and meat instead of one rich in milk, green vegetables, and fruit—which go far in combating tuberculosis and trachoma.

In addition to the sections on health and education, the report covers with extraordinary thoroughness the economic, social, and legal status of the Indian and presents a program of intelligent reform. Most important, perhaps, is its recommendation that Congress appropriate "at the earliest possible moment $1,000,000 to be immediately available to improve the quantity, quality, and variety of diet available for Indian children in boarding schools." Yet this would be hardly a gesture in the direction in which Congress should move to repay the Indians for the inhuman conditions that have been forced upon them. And whatever the excuse of the Indian Bureau may be for the present situation it can never again be one of ignorance of the facts.

Haldane

VISCOUNT HALDANE may have died a disappointed man, yet his death provoked a chorus of appreciation such as comes to few men in English public life. Tory, Liberal, and Laborite joined to do him honor; and Lloyd George declared that he had been "treated with the basest ingratitude." Lloyd George spoke with authority; if he had spoken in that tone in 1915 the last decade of Haldane's life might have been happier.

Haldane was one of those men of many talents who have enriched the history of England. He was a lawyer by profession, a philosopher by preference, a statesman by instinct. His first published work was a life of Adam Smith; later he translated Schopenhauer; but he was best known in philosophic circles as an Hegelian metaphysician. Such was the man whom Campbell-Bannerman called to take charge of the War Office in 1905. Almost his first act as Britain's War Minister—strange enough in view of subsequent history—was to go to Berlin, where, as guest of General von Einem, he settled down to study at its headquarters the organization of the Prussian army! He returned to reorganize the British army, replacing the separate militia and volunteer forces by the single territorial force which did such effective service at the outbreak of the World War.

When, early in 1912, following the storms which had brought Europe to the verge of war, the British Cabinet and public looked hopefully across the North Sea and decided to try out the ground for a rapprochement with Germany, Haldane was selected for the task. Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Minister, and Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, both recognized that in these conversations on naval programs and foreign policy the philosophic chancery lawyer was the outstanding man. The Germans, accustomed to specialists, could not understand the selection; but the Kaiser reassured the astounded Tirpitz, saying, "We must not forget what an amazing adaptability the Anglo-Saxons have, which fits them for occupying positions which have no relation to their previous life and training." Haldane was fitted indeed, but the time was not ripe. Tirpitz insisted upon his navy bill in Germany, and Sir Edward Grey, always suspicious of the Germans, was determined to stand by his embryonic alliance with France and Russia. Haldane made progress, but with men like Tirpitz and Winston Churchill stirring up the nationalist lions in the two countries no solution could be reached.

When the war broke out Haldane was Lord Chancellor of England. The expeditionary force and the territorial army which he had organized performed their task; but he received scant gratitude for his services. Petty jingoes recalled that German philosophy was his "spiritual home" and bayed so bitterly that Asquith felt forced to drop Haldane out of the Coalition Ministry of 1915. Haldane calmly retired to write "The Reign of Relativity," surely a fruitful field of study in war time, and returned to political life only for a brief period when the old Liberal served as Lord Chancellor in Ramsay MacDonald's Labor Cabinet. The participation of this peer who had ranked as one of the elder statesmen of the Liberal Party did much to give the struggling MacDonald Ministry prestige in England. He was one of the few men who held high office before the war who were able to build bridges into the future.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

EARLY in the campaign *Life* announced that it would feature Will Rogers as a potential President since he would be a bunkless candidate. By now I think that Mr. Rogers might as well retire. Of course, it has not been a fight wholly without pose and pretense, but at least the issues have been drawn with far more frankness than anybody had reason to expect. Both Smith and Hoover have been more candid than their platforms. Each has gone up stream against the advice of certain supposedly shrewd tacticians.

The greater boldness, I believe, lies with Governor Smith. There was a time when he seemed very likely to run upon a dry plank and a wink. Certainly this was the plan suggested to him by politicians. They argued that since everybody knew that Smith was Wet he had best talk only in such a way as to refrain from alienating the Dry and Democratic South. This advice the Governor threw overboard. Cynics may say, if they please, that he took another course because he is the most accomplished politician of them all. Possibly a policy of silence on the prohibition issue would have been ruinous to Smith's chances such as they are. Still, there is no getting round the fact that he has been frank and honest in his utterances, and if this proceeds from enlightened self-interest that too would seem encouraging. It may be that at last political America is coming of age.

Herbert Clark Hoover's contribution to free speech from the platform has been slighter, but even so he has been rather less vague than is the custom. In his acceptance address he did manage to convince everybody but the New York *Herald Tribune* that he is Bone Dry. In taking such a stand Hoover must receive some credit for his courage. He, too, had political advisers who suggested a pussyfooting course. It was said that since the Dry vote was his in any case he might wisely hold out some small crumbs of comfort to the Wet voters in the East. On this issue, at least, Hoover seems to have spoken from conviction rather than expediency.

Not all the development away from bunk depends entirely on the personality of the two men who are running for office. At last the radio has begun to justify itself. Even those who weary of "pale hands" and "I can't give you anything but love, baby" must admit that broadcasting has brought about a better era in politics. No longer need the candidates campaign in every State. The speech from the back platform of the train has almost gone, and we youngsters have an excellent chance to find it wholly vanished in the days to come.

Herbert Hoover has already refused to kiss a baby for publication and Al Smith would not pose for the photographers in the act of laying bricks. Never again will America descend to the vulgar depths of Calvin Coolidge and the sap bucket and the same gentleman in cowboy pants. A candidate no longer needs to indulge in such monkeyshines. Through the microphone he may reach millions where in other days a few meager thousands were all that could be brought within the sound of his voice on any one occasion. It is rather better that candidates should be heard and not seen.

To be sure, new style politics may rob Al Smith of some few advantages. Hoover is among the poorest of platform speakers, but his voice is not bad at all over the radio. However, it seems to me that even in this medium not all of the dramatic and passionate quality of Governor Smith's voice is lost.

Gestures, of course, have a diminished value. There is no point in swinging your arms for the sake of an invisible audience though I have no doubt that many speakers still indulge in this luxury even before the microphone. Since I am, myself, no veteran on the air, I invariably pound one hand against the other and, also, make faces indicating earnestness though there are none to see. In my own case I have had good reason to doubt whether there were many to hear, either, and so it was not altogether foolish to put on the speech with lugs meant to satisfy myself and no others.

In time gestures will disappear from the equipment of all public speakers, and I think that the whole quality of speeches will be vastly affected by this change. Pin a statesman's arms to his side and he will be much less likely to point with pride. Fewer will make the rhetorical flight from the rockbound coast of Maine to California's sunny shore. These phrases were seldom uttered for their own sake but were employed chiefly to give the orator some setting-up exercise to open up his lungs. The flag will be waved in future just a little less.

People sitting in small groups in their own homes avoid the contagion of audience psychology. The heated utterance which may go well in a crowded hall is likely to fall flat when it is presented more casually to a man in his own arm-chair equipped with pipe and slippers. Nor can the statesman indulge in old-fashioned introductions. He must get to his point with some celerity. Walking out on an orator has become delightfully simple. Henceforth the speaker of the evening must bear in mind that it is up to him to be at least as interesting as the jazz band just two notches away upon the dial. Speeches will be better, shorter, franker, louder, and funnier.

The familiar charge that the two major parties are identical seems to me less true than usual. Although Al Smith deserves to qualify as a progressive he is not entitled to the vote of any orthodox Socialist. The problem of liberals who have on many occasions voted the Socialist ticket is more difficult. As one of that number I expect to support Smith. This is frankly an opportunist vote. The argument that Norman Thomas has no chance to be elected does not influence me much. As a matter of fact a victory for Smith would come as a sensational surprise. But it is important that Smith should make a showing. If he is badly beaten we shall all find ourselves in the hands of the Anti-Saloon League. That issue is far broader than prohibition itself. It does not seem to me absurd to argue that the crowd behind Hoover actually contemplates a return to old-fashioned Puritanism. Such a world is so acutely distressing to me that for the moment some of the larger economic issues fail to command my enthusiasm. The choice lies between Smith and Sahara. And I'm for Smith.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Tolstoi as a Novelist

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

TOLSTOI is a fascinating puzzle. So singular an instance of artist and reformer rolled into one frame is not, I think, elsewhere to be found. The preacher in him, who took such charge of his later years, was already casting a shadow over the artist-writer of "Anna Karenina." There is even an indication of the moralist in the last part of that tremendous novel "War and Peace." About his work, in fact, is an ever-present sense of spiritual duality. It is a battlefield on which we watch the ebb and flow of unending conflict, the throb and stress of a gigantic disharmony. Explanation of this mysterious duality must be left to the doctors, now that our personalities are controlled by our glands, so that if we have plenty of pituitary we are artists, and too little adrenal —is it?—moralists.

Count Lyov Nikolaievich Tolstoi was born in Russia on September 9, 1828. He died in 1910. In connection with the centennial of his birth the Oxford University Press is publishing this year a new edition of his writings, translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. This article is the introduction to "Anna Karenina."

In choosing a single novel to label with those words so dear to the confectioners of symposiums, "the greatest ever written," I would select "War and Peace." In it Tolstoi rides two themes, like a circus rider on his two piebald horses, and by a miracle reaches the stable door still mounted and still whole. The secret of his triumph lies in the sheer interest with which his creative energy has invested every passage. The book is six times as long as an ordinary novel, but it never flags, never wearies the reader; and the ground—of human interest and historical event, of social life and national life—covered in it is prodigious. A little, but not much, behind that masterwork comes "Anna Karenina." Also of stupendous length, this novel contains, in the old prince, in his daughter Kitty, in Stepan Arkadyevich, Vronsky, Levin, and Anna herself, six of Tolstoi's most striking characters. He never drew a better portrait than that of Stepan Arkadyevich—the perfect Russian man of the world; the writer of this preface has known the very spit of him. The opening chapters, describing him at an unkind moment in his fortunes, are inimitable. As for the portrait of Anna's husband, Alexey Alexandrovich—it inspires in us the feelings that he must have inspired in Anna. The early parts of this great novel are the best, for I have never been convinced that Anna, in the circumstances shown, would have committed suicide. It is as if Tolstoi had drawn her for us with such color and solidity in the beginning that we cannot believe she is not in the end dismissed by him rather than by herself. Anna, in fact, is a warm pulsating person, with too much vitality to go out as she did. The finish strikes one as *voulu,* as if the creator had turned against his creature; and one forms the opinion that Tolstoi started on this book with the free hand of an unlimited sympathy and understanding, but during the years that passed before he finished it became subtly changed in his outlook over life, and ended in fact a preacher who had set out an artist. It is, however, no uncommon flaw in writers to misjudge the vitality of their own creations. An illustration of the same defect is the suicide of Paula in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Ladies with her sort of past have too much vitality to put a period to themselves, except in plays and novels. With this reservation, "Anna Karenina" is a great study of Russian character and a great picture of Russian society—a picture that held good, with minor variations, up to the war.

Tolstoi's method in this novel, as in all his work, is cumulative—the method of an infinity of facts and pictorial detail; the opposite of Turgenev's, who relied on selection and concentration, on atmosphere and poetic balance. Tolstoi fills in all the spaces, and leaves little to the imagination; but with such vigor, such freshness that it is all interesting. His style, in the narrow sense, is by no means remarkable. All his work bears the impress of a mind more concerned with the thing said than with the way to say it. But if one may add to interminable definitions: "Style is the power in a writer to remove all barriers between himself and his reader—the triumph of style is the creation of intimacy," then, though such a definition will put many out of court, it will leave Tolstoi a stylist; for no author, in his story-telling, produces a more intimate feeling of actual life. He is free, in fact, from the literary self-consciousness which so often spoils the work of polished writers. Tolstoi was carried away by his impulses, whether creative or reformative. He never stood on the shores of streams, tying first one foot and then the other—that pet vice of modern art. To have life and meaning art must emanate from one *possessed* by his theme. The rest of art is just exercise in technique, which helps artists to render the greater impulses when—too seldom—they come. As with the painter who spends half his life agonizing over what he ought to be—post-impressionist, cubist, futurist, expressionist, Dadaist, Paulo-Post-Dadaist (or whatever they are by now)—who is ever developing a new and wonderful technique and changing his aesthetic outlook, and whose work, like his mood, is self-conscious and tentative, so with the writer. Only when a theme seizes on him is all doubt about expression resolved and a masterwork produced.

The prime characteristic of Tolstoi as a novelist was certainly his unflinching sincerity, his resolute exposition of what seemed to him the truth at the moment. Remembering how he swung between the artist and the moralist, we have in that trait at once his strength and his weakness. Frankly loyal, true to the vision and mood of the moment, he had a force that philosophic reflection lacks, together with its corollary—deficient balance. His native force is proved by the simple fact that, taking up again one of his stories after the lapse of many years, one will remember almost every paragraph. Dickens and Dumas are perhaps the only other writers who compare with him in this respect.

The character of Levin is undoubtedly a *Selbst-Porträt,*

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or at least a study of the side of Tolstoi's own nature which was preoccupying him at that period. The chapters describing Levin in the country are very clearly a rendering of his own efforts and feelings, just when he was beginning to be profoundly disturbed about the meaning of life and to develop his "peasant" philosophy of existence. And in this part of the novel we again have a feeling of earnest message at the back of portraiture. The whole of Tolstoi's writing life, indeed, after this novel, is very much of an effort to prove that what he himself felt and saw was what the average man could feel and see. And in all this long attempt we are conscious of the distortion which comes when an artist and thinker tries to put himself into the skin of the normal man, or rather, tries to put the normal man into his own skin. A useful illustration of such distortion occurs in one of Conrad's early stories, "The Return," where a notably matter-of-fact English husband agonizes over his wife's departure, in Slavonic fashion, during many long and intricate pages. In the light shed by history and more recent analysts we must be permitted to doubt whether Tolstoi really understood the Russian peasant, whom he elevated into a sort of arbiter of life and art. Perhaps he understood them as well as an aristocrat could; but he is not so close to the soul and body of Russia as Chekhov, who came of the people and knew them from inside. In any case, the Russia of Tolstoi's great novels, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," is a Russia of the past, perhaps only the crust of that Russia of the past—now split and crumbled beyond repair. How fortunate we are, then, to have two such supreme pictures of the vanished fabric!

Americans We Like

Charles J. Finger—Literary Adventurer

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

The Fifteenth in a Series of Personality Portraits

FOR the benefit of those who have come to believe that romance among modern-day romancers is dead it is worth reporting that at least one free spirit remains—Charles J. Finger, writer of adventure stories and adventurer in his own right. This Englishman, who has been by turns music-master, sheep-herder, sailor, gold-hunter, cowhand, boiler-maker, auditor, anarchist, railroader and railroad executive, is now become a country squire, in Arkansas, where from his office in a bramble-grown hollow out in the back hills he writes books and edits his paper, *All's Well*.

Charles J. Finger is a picturesque person. His head is large, his hair gray and fluffy; he is five feet seven tall, broad-chested, well-muscled, a strongly built specimen of man. His voice is deep, he speaks with a broad English accent, and his gait is that of a sailor. His appetite is hearty and dependable, and he is a keen judge of teas, roast beef, home-baked bread, ham, and cheese. He is a man of violent likes and dislikes. He chooses friends and enemies with precision and pleasure. To in-betweens he pays the minimum of attention. Astonishing contrasts are to be noticed among his closest circle of friends—army officers, outlaws, editors, policemen, artists, dentists, rangers, writers. He enjoys to the fullest poetry and prize-fights, books and ball games, wine and song. His attitude toward youth is one of optimism and tolerance.

In philosophy Finger tends toward complacent pantheism. Although he is now in his late fifties, age and death appear to play a small part in his thoughts, and he is given neither to spasmodic depressions nor unseasonable hilarity. He is essentially a child, and the vagaries of childhood—gnomes of rebellion and fantasies of delight—are easily discernible in his way of living. He decorates his house with a stunning display of flags; he objects violently to taking medicine or to staying in bed on days when he is ailing; he delights in buying trinkets; in a crowd he is likely to be the general entertainer, solicited or not; he is eternally devising whimsical make-believes. He gives with unfenced generosity.

The son of an altogether conventional English manufacturer, he passed his boyhood in a proper state of complacency, attended well-supervised private schools in London, wore black velvet pants and embroidered blouses, played jolly little games with adjacent nice little boys, and studied music in Germany and at King's College. Then business reverses came upon his father and young Charles, by that time in his early twenties and a devoted Fabian, his hair glistening black and grown long, set out as a tramp sailor to see the world. He tells of travel in out-of-the-way places—the Sahara, Tierra del Fuego, the Andes, Patagonia, South Africa, the Falkland Islands. South America saw much of him. He landed first in Chile, where he joined the Chilean army, but after three days deserted and in the company of several other young men of high hopes and modest means went forth to pan gold along the Chilean coast. This venture failed; there was no gold to speak of and the panners grew tired of panning. The party disbanded, and for a time Charles Finger acted as a guide for the late-Victorian tourists who desired to see with safety the wilds of South America. By turns he worked as laborer and ranch-hand and became a wandering minstrel offering entertainments in the mellow atmosphere of South American saloons with his God-given voice and a self-evolved accordion—which he still plays. He was hired to guide the Franco-Russian Ornithological Expedition of 1893 across Tierra del Fuego. This he did, evidently in a manner altogether satisfactory, for in the journal of that expedition one may find pictures and high praise of the guide.

Then he went in for gold hunting and guerrilla warfare in Tierra del Fuego. It happened that one of South America's most famous frontiersmen, Julio Popper, a misplaced Austrian nobleman, had been granted exclusive gold rights in Argentine Tierra del Fuego by the government of Argentina. Popper forthwith hired a rough and

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ready guard, resurveyed the boundary between Chilean and Argentine Tierra del Fuego, and issued a proclamation to the effect that any foreigner found poaching on Argentine gold holdings would be shot and his belongings confiscated. Finger, then a Chilean, having found gold-hunting along the stream-beds of the Chilean province unprofitable, proceeded to invade Popper's dubious concession and was discovered by a posse of Popper's vigilantes. Having first captured his horse and equipment, they proceeded to open fire on him.

But either through the benevolence of fate or the poor marksmanship of the patrol, young Finger escaped. A few weeks later he met Popper in a *boliche*, wine shop, in Buenos Aires. Popper, well in his cups, announced to the assembled customers his intention of favoring them with a violin solo. Finger volunteered to provide a piano accompaniment. So they played and played again, Popper becoming more and more mellow as the evening made progress. When leaving time came he invited his newly acquired accompanist to ride with him to his quarters. He sprang into the saddle, spurred his splendid horse, and, looking pityingly at Finger's less pretentious mount, asked if he expected to keep pace on such a pathetic nag. On being answered in the affirmative, Popper laughed uproariously, and suggested that they exchange horses and run a race. This they did, but young Finger, turning mirth to practical ends, rode away into the night, leaving his challenger the loser in an unanticipated horse trade.

The two men met a second time in a Buenos Aires saloon, shook hands, drank together, and agreed that ability to stand a few hearty jokes constitutes the true test of good-fellowship. Together they went upstairs into a ballroom. Here Popper, defying even the simplest rules of Argentine etiquette, stepped up to an army officer who was dancing with his fiancee, banged him on the back, and before the preoccupied captain could protest danced away with his girl. The Argentine captain waited until the dance was finished, bowed to Finger, grasped Popper's hand warmly, and suggested that the three of them step outside and smoke.

Outside, Popper and the captain took swords, and, with Finger as witness, fought a duel in the moonlight. Both fenced brilliantly for a time; then Popper's sword went wild and the captain ran him through the body. And Popper, romantic master of the Argentine frontier, dropped his sword, shook hands with his opponent and the witness, laughed, and died.

After visiting England for a time Finger set forth again, made a port call at Houston, Texas, and attended the Dallas County Fair. When it was over he found himself with hazy senses and empty pockets, confronting the vastness of the State of Texas. Taking to the open road he landed a job as sheep-herder for a rancher near Knickerbocker. He went from one job to another, finally in Ohio he took to railroading, rising through the ranks until he became general manager of a group of small lines.

In 1919, then at the age of fifty, Charles Finger decided that the time had come to settle on a career.

"I rather wanted to deal in horses or mules," he says, "but, on the other hand, I wanted to write." By a compromise of fate he became an editor. He picked up the fallen torch of *Reedy's Mirror* in St. Louis, and for several months labored manfully to save the life of that interesting journal. But to no avail, and in the summer of the following year (1920) Charles J. Finger with his family arrived in northwest Arkansas, settled on an abandoned farm three miles from Fayetteville, and made ready for literature.

The citizenry of Fayetteville was garrulously astonished at the coming of a Northern writing man; but when this Northerner began, amiably enough, to write in plain terms what he thought of the countryside about him astonishment turned to disdain. There were dark mutterings, damning letters from University of Arkansas faculty members, and editorials of condemnation in the local newspaper. But this mudslinger from the North, discovering that a soft, warm Southern town can be the hardest and iciest settlement possible, stood his ground, fenced his farm, built a modest country house, which he calls Gayeta Lodge, and settled to writing. He produced nickel bluebooks for fifty dollars each and only that, turned many of his own experiences into tales of adventure, revamped Nick Carter yarns, wrote informal essays and serious stories. And it was not long before the local press and public began to take pride in their distinguished critic.

Next he launched *All's Well*, a personal journal. The first edition of thirty-five copies he carried home in his overcoat pocket, mailed them from his dining-table, and marveled at the might of type and circulation. *All's Well* has survived, in a state of rare independence, non-endowed, non-commercial, easy-going. Meanwhile various other magazines began to ask for contributions, and after two years his first book, "In Lawless Lands," a collection of adventure stories, was published. "Highwaymen" and "Bush-rangers" followed, and the publication of "Tales from Silverland," a collection of folk stories for children, clearly demonstrated its author's desire to break away from the exclusive production of smashing romances of strong and ready frontiersmen.

Charles Finger writes persistently and rapidly. Six of his books appeared almost simultaneously last year: "Frontier Ballads," "The Spreading Stain," "Tales Worth Telling," "Life of David Livingstone," "An Ozark Fantasia," and "Romantic Rascals." Besides all these, he has been writing prolifically for periodicals. He declares that his best work remains yet to be done, that he proposes doing it, and that, indeed, he is about to do it now. The fact that he is nearing sixty in no way diminishes his enthusiasm.

He travels a great deal, leaves unexpectedly for distant places, and upon his return writes all the harder in order to recoup his finances. He has amended in various ways his philosophy of the simple life. He has substituted a Ford automobile for his horse and buggy, and whereas, formerly, he assembled his family from neighboring hillsides by firing the household shotgun, now he rings a bell swung high in the barn loft. He has given up farming in the Ozarks as financially impossible, and is converting his farm into a model country estate with rolling heaths, strolling sheep, and a sweep of open sky—"like old England." He dines handsomely, drinks and smokes moderately, and entertains lavishly. Much of his time he spends among young children, leading them in games, telling yarns, true and otherwise. He devises indoor theater, plays strange contradictions on the piano, sings frontier ballads in a lusty orotund bass, plays flute solos, and squeezes mournful melodies out of his accordion. Recently he has acquired a bagpipe.

Finger is a man of great energy, high hopes, boundless

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gusto, and a capacity for sudden and astonishing changes. From a wandering adventurer he has become a jovial and benevolent country squire, and I predict that his magazine and his future novels will reflect this metamorphosis. So far the bulk of his writing has been essentially a sloshing over of the magnificent romance of his life. Interesting and altogether characteristic, it seems to me, are these concluding lines from the introduction to "Romantic Rascals":

> It would be a diverting thing to write a complete history of rascality, but the task would be almost like writing a history of the human race if anything like completeness were aimed at. Yet I think that I shall make an attempt some day, even if my contribution to the whole turns out to be nothing more than an autobiographical novel.

Sketches from Chile

By H. E.

The Carabineros

THE carabineros are good fellows. With the whole nitrate region under martial law and supposedly dry, they did not enforce prohibition in the American club. They used to come into the bar-room in the afternoon and shake us for drinks and tell us of the day's liquor raids in Calama and Punta de Rieles.

The captain looked like a laughing youth of twenty-three. He was the youngest military man of his rank in Chile. Technically a body of state police, the carabineros are a purely military organization.

Before being sent to Chuquicamata, the captain had been condemned to death for his activities in several military coups in the South. The sentence was mitigated to one of service in the Atacama desert. He delights in making love to the gringo girls of fifteen or sixteen. In his work he is the most fearless devil I have ever seen.

The men felt his presence as soon as he arrived at the mine. Two weeks later they called a general strike, and made the captain's dismissal one of their major demands. He heard that two thousand of them were holding a mass meeting in Punta de Rieles and were working themselves into a frenzy over the brutality and the tyranny of the carabineros. Two thousand Chilean rotos are dangerous when they work themselves into a frenzy. The captain went down to Punta de Rieles alone, pushed his way through the crowd to the speaker's platform, and addressed the gathering.

"I hear you are talking about me. Here I am."

One or two shouted weakly "Tyrant! Murderer!" He looked at them and they were silent.

Then he made them a speech. There was nothing original about it. He told them what the newspapers and the capitalists have been telling the laboring men for ever so long, what the doctors and the lawyers and the restaurant men have been telling one another and their wives for years and years under the name of wisdom. Perhaps it is wisdom. How should I know?

He told them there was no objection to their having meetings, but he would tolerate no mob gatherings. They must elect their representatives, who could meet and talk things over. But they must invite him. He, their captain, wanted to attend. Eventually he got one or two of them to shout "Si Capitan." Then he pushed his way out of the crowd, jumped on his horse, and rode away.

If he keeps on in that manner, and is lucky enough to get into a nice little war or revolution to help his fortunes along, his swashbuckling bravery will make him one of the heroes of Chile.

In the native camp at Chuquicamata some eight thousand men were milling around, ready to stampede. Word had been sent to Calama for a battalion of infantry. The troop train was approaching, and the laborers gathered near the track, collecting sticks and stones, apparently preparing for battle.

The laughing captain said: "This will never do. If the soldiers arrive and see this mob, they will run away." He made a few cavalry charges with his eighty carabineros and cleared the way for the battalion of infantry. A few stones flew, a few bones were broken. If any lives were lost, the fact was hushed up.

The Chilean roto has good reasons to be more afraid of the carabineros than of anything else on earth. A year or more ago I heard vague reports of strikes and riots in the nitrate pampas near Iquique. Eventually the fact simmered out that a crowd of people had been herded into one *oficina* and riddled with machine-gun bullets, to the death of over two thousand of all ages and both sexes. Two hundred labor agitators had been deported.

Has anyone ever seen a Chilean labor leader who has been deported? According to the tales that are current in bar-rooms and barber-shops, the men are taken a few miles out to sea on a warship and then lined up at the gunwales. The rail is taken down behind them and a squad of marines makes a charge with fixed bayonets. Thrown overboard? What am I talking about? They jumped overboard in an effort to escape. The official naval report says so.

The carabineros have a similar trick. If they have to take a man a long way after arresting him, if the desert sun is hot and they are anxious to get home, if the prisoner walks too slowly to keep up with their horses, they stop and tell him to run away. If he doesn't want to run, they pummel the desire into him with the stocks of their guns, or prod it into him with their lances. After he has run some fifty yards, they level their carbines and shoot him.

They are trained to get their man, dead or alive. They can always turn in the report that their prisoner tried to escape and they had to shoot him.

I have seen two carabineros pick up a man who was lying, dead drunk, in front of the hospital in Chuquicamata. They made him run to the *cuartel* in a jog-trot. They sat on their horses and prodded him with their lances. He was so drunk that he fell down at almost every fifth step. Then the horses pawed him and mauled him with their front feet until he got up again. The comedy was repeated all the way to the *cuartel*, almost two miles away. I am told that there the unfortunate drunkard said an impertinent word to an officer. Three of the biggest of the carabineros

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were ordered to strip to their waists and batter the prisoner into unconsciousness.

I have seen many men arrested in Chile, and not one of them was ever treated like a human being. Off duty, and toward us gringos, the carabineros are the most gentlemanly and polite body of soldiers I have ever seen. In their work they are the most brutal.

Once, two carabineros rode toward Chuquicamata from Punta de Rieles and were waylaid by a band of rotos. One of them was killed. The other escaped after they had taken his gun and his saber and his uniform away from him. But he never appeared at the *cuartel*. Some time later I asked a trooper what he thought had become of the man.

"He deserted, of course. If he had come here, the captain would have said 'Take this man and beat him within an inch of his life. He let the rotos get the best of him!' We have good beaters among us. They might have forgotten about that last inch."

There are many who say that this relentless efficiency is necessary among the workers in the nitrate fields, that downright brutality is the only means of controlling people who are three-quarters children and one-quarter wild beasts. As things are now, I agree with them. But perhaps —if the rotos had not been treated so brutally for decades— perhaps they wouldn't now be three-quarters children and one-quarter wild beasts. That, of course, is conjecture. How is a mere engineer to know?

The Rotos

We built a road over the desert and had a camp of some two hundred men. They received six pesos a day and didn't do much work. I wouldn't either, for sixty cents. Whenever possible, we gave them a contract—so much road built, so much money. If they didn't like the contract, we rammed it down their throats.

If they thought they had a chance to make money on their contract, they worked hard and sometimes earned as much as a dollar and a half a day. But if the final liquidation turned out too favorably to them, the engineers in Chuquicamata generally refused to OK payment on it. Then we had to break our word to the men and they lost faith in us and worked less than ever. Only by continually juggling contract prices and quantities so as to keep the liquidations within the liking of both the men and of our chiefs at headquarters could we get anything like work out of our camp.

They were often sick and we were never sure whether they were shamming or not. When a man was sick he was given Epsom salts, no matter what the complaint. If he improved he had been shamming and his pay was docked. If not, he was loaded on a truck and taken to the hospital.

Just before pay-day a lot of new men always came to the camp and asked for work. We knew they were professional gamblers, bent on taking the money from our flock. We were always glad to give them work. The more gambling goes on in a camp, the more men are broke and the more construction men you have.

Those who still had money the day after pay-day quit their jobs and walked to Punta de Rieles, which was anywhere from five to thirty miles away, depending on the location of the camp. If they didn't get themselves killed in some brawl, or land in jail, they always came back to camp four or five days later, after a thorough drunk.

They were always up to petty thievery, and we searched their tents regularly as a matter of routine. We found cans of sardines and cans of peaches, and pieces of steel that they were grinding down to make stilettoes, and table knives that they were pointing for social purposes, and blasting caps, and pieces of fuse. We watched our supply of dynamite carefully, but I am sure they got away with a lot of it anyway, and hid it in the hills along the road. It may become very useful to somebody when the big Chilean revolution finally breaks out.

They stole our blankets and our picks and shovels and traded them for liquor in Punta de Rieles.

They went on strike one time because I had told them to bring their picks and their bars into camp so the blacksmith could sharpen them. They didn't think one ought to expect them to walk a mile and a half from their work to camp and carry their tools as well. The strike lasted half an hour, until I went to the telephone and pretended to call the carabineros.

They were terribly afraid to come into our tent even when we told them to. That was because the blacksmith had made us a few souvenirs in the form of knives and stilettoes with pretty handles, and we had them lying on the table. They are far more afraid of a knife than a revolver.

They can be cajoled like children and herded like sheep when one has them out in the open. But no man is safe walking alone at night over the desert. Some have been stunned and robbed and left for dead; some have had their heads cut off. After every pay-day the hospital in Chuquicamata is full of stabbing cases that have been brought up from Punta de Rieles.

Above Chuquicamata is a cemetery with some two hundred crosses that belongs to the now dead little mining town of Placilla. Not a single man, woman, or child in that cemetery is supposed to have died a natural death. Strangulation or shooting or stabbing, every form of violence that men think of is said to have done for them all.

Recent events in Chile, the military coups in the South, the labor uprisings in the North, have doubtless brought the great revolution nearer. It is always being talked about in the hidden places where there are no witnesses.

It will be a terribly bloody revolution. Once the Chilean roto gets out of control, he will stop at nothing. And it will be so easy to raise havoc in the desert of the North. A few sticks of dynamite under a few pipe-lines— pough! What will the nitrate *oficinas* and the mines and the cities on the coast do then, when they have no drinking water? Even railroads are run with water.

The carabineros are brutal and rough. They have to be. They have to be lively and jump around on the lid of the kettle in order to keep it from blowing off. Perhaps if they hadn't been so lively in the past the pressure under the lid wouldn't have mounted so high.

Perhaps they can still save the situation. Perhaps things won't look so bad if they ease up and treat the rotos like human beings, and persuade the employers to treat them like human beings, and give them decent wages and decent food and decent houses, instead of treating them like the sheep that walk on the treadmill that grinds out the nitrates and the copper.

And perhaps that wouldn't help at this stage of the game.

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The News from Mexico

By ERNEST GRUENING

A CONSTANT factor in our United States-Mexican relations has been lack of understanding. Whenever a sensational event south of the Rio Grande has aroused interest in the United States the American public has lacked facts, interpretation of those facts, and the historical background against which current Mexican events assume a recognizable shape. Every time an eruption takes place in the Indo-Hispanic volcano belt at our door, be it a flare-up of the six-century, or older, struggle for land and water, the century-old clerical conflict, or the politico-military spoils warfare which is endemic in all countries of Hispanic origin, our dailies duly devote columns to news dispatched from Mexico City. They introduce a few new names, usually garbled, repeat a few familiar ones, contradict one day what was published the day before, and leave their readers mystified. Then as the smoke from Mexico increases but the light does not, newspapers and newspaper syndicates in a burst of commendable enterprise rush a "staff correspondent," or a "special" correspondent, mayhap even an editor to Mexico City. They, within a few days, begin transmitting "interpretative" news gleaned from an interview or two—through an interpreter—with some public official, or from dinner talk in the American colony or in the lobby of the Hotel Regis, unexcelled as a rumor and half-truth factory. But the resulting net information is often negligible. A frank admission to that effect was contained in a recent leading New York *World* editorial, which confessed that that newspaper, despite its almost daily editorials on developments in Mexico and the daily telegraph dispatch from its correspondent, did not understand what was happening there.

Yet, except for the startling and momentous assassination of the President-elect, events in Mexico, "land of the unexpected," have followed a logical, consistent, and—for one familiar with Mexican history, psychology, and contemporary society—an almost prophesiable course. Three Mexican constants have underlain every incident worth noting in our neighbor state during the last five weeks. These are: (a) The struggle between church and state; (b) the one-man, "personalist" character of Mexican politics; (c) the shaping of Mexico's destiny by the United States through the American ambassador. (The first two ran strictly true to form; the third reversed precedent merely in the form of the influence exerted. United States ambassadors have been traditionally hostile to Mexico in her darker hours. Mr. Morrow, by reversing that attitude and being militantly friendly, has exerted a profound influence on the present situation and on Mexico's future.)

But the greatest approach to understanding Mexico lies in appreciating the anachronism that our neighbor state presents. This is particularly difficult for Americans—who as a people so largely fashioned their destiny out of prime, unspoiled materials—to grasp. A developing native culture many centuries behind the European was arrested in its evolution by the Conquest four centuries ago, and the imposed civilization suffered like retardation. Spain, concomitantly, furnishes plentiful evidence of the almost complete stagnation of one of Mexico's parent cultures. Consequently, characteristics, roughly speaking, of fifteenth-century Europe and fifteenth-century Anahuac prevail largely in Mexico. If one will view Mexico's violent politics, its mercenary army, its barely disintegrating feudal land tenure and serfdom, and its often fanatical clergy in terms of fifteenth-century continental society, nearly all that may be viewed as national shortcomings, become explicable merely by relating them to time rather than to place. This categorization is of course too sweeping to be literally and all-inclusively applied. Exceptions are plentiful and today the Mexican panorama unfolds on a grapple of the twentieth-century spirit with medievalism. That, in a word, is the Mexican Revolution. Small wonder that it has lasted seventeen years and will continue for years to come!

The major part of the "news" emanating from Mexico in the five weeks since Obregon's death has been devoted to discussing the possible guilt of supposed instigators of the assassination. President Calles charged the Roman Catholic Mexican clergy with responsibility; the vocal part of the agrarian movement, the two city leaders, Deputies Antonio Diaz Soto y Gama and Aurelio Manrique, blamed Morones and the CROM leadership (one and the same thing) with "psychological responsibility"; and now, belatedly, we have a counter-blast from the Vatican, whose official organ flatly charges President Calles with being the "murderer." It was almost certain that such charges would fly; they are symptoms of Mexico's illnesses, or, if one prefers, moves in her struggles, one with clericalism, the other with political vice. The net effect of these conflicting accusations has been to confuse the American reader. What basis, if any, is there for such recriminations?

The agrarians' charges may be dismissed as groundless. They were made in the passion and temporary demoralization of what appeared a staggering blow at Mexico's welfare. They had these bases of justification: Morones has on at least one previous occasion resorted to assassination to remove a political foe—Senator Francisco Field Jurado in 1924. The shooting of the Senator—overtly a De la Huertista in the capital when the De la Huerta rebellion was at its height—was carried out after a public threat by Morones against the enemies of the Government safely ensconced in Mexico City, and working there to assure the rebels' success. Field Jurado perished at the hands of a group of Morones's bravos headed by one Preve, subsequently the *Laborista* candidate for the governorship of Campeche. Vendettas, though not peculiar to Mexico, are still characteristic of Mexican politics. Morones himself has barely escaped a fatal bullet half a dozen times.

Within the Revolutionary movement a split between the leadership of the Mexican Federation of Labor, the CROM (one wing, and hitherto the most important, of Mexican Labor), and the leadership of the agrarians had been widening for three years. The rank and file of both groups had no part in these political maneuvers. Originally both leaderships were friendly to each other; both seemed to embody the really sincere Revolutionary objectives, as distinguished from the *politicos*, who had merely climbed aboard the Revolutionary bandwagon for personal vantage.

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The agrarian leadership, however, while honest at the top, proved incompetent as an organizing and administrative force. Calles early in his regime reached the conclusion that land reform to which he himself was devoted was retarded by the injection of politics. While remaining personally friendly with its leaders, he frowned on the National Agrarian Party as a political force, and it disintegrated. The CROM leadership, on the other hand, had shown great organizing ability, and in the sunshine of official patronage prospered. Morones sought to enlarge his power by attempting to organize the peasantry, for which the CROM, with its purely urban psychology, was unfitted. His not unjustified attacks on the shortcomings of the agrarian reform as carried out up to 1925 drew return fire from the farm leaders. They were politically "outs," while Morones and his following were very much the "ins." The agrarians therefore turned to Obregon and militantly supported his Presidential candidacy. He accepted their support. He shared the steadily widening resentment against the arbitrary and ruthless tactics of CROM trade unionism and the incident promotion of personal fortunes. Morones, "labor leader," had grown rich, indulging meanwhile in the orgies of an Oriental satrap. Meanwhile many workers still wore *huaraches*—the leather sandals which mark an intermediate step in the rise from bare to shod feet. The great opportunity which Calles had given Morones in making him Minister of Industry, Commerce, and Labor, to foster the nation's industry and develop a working arrangement between capital and labor in Mexico, he forfeited. Business got small help or encouragement from him; the rank and file of the toilers made no appreciable gains. Almost alone he and a few satellites profited.

Under Obregon's presidency Morones was slated for political retirement. With Obregon's death Calles accepted Morones's resignation, which had been clamored for by Obregon's followers, who then and there raised the cry of "psychological responsibility" for their leader's death. Calles was under no compulsion to yield to that clamor which he knew to be unjust. But he evidently felt a moral obligation to carry out his dead successor's purposes. Also it is possible that Calles's illusions about Morones, long and tenaciously held, had begun to fade. The fear expressed that the eclipse of Morones is a blow to organized labor in Mexico is baseless. The workers will be better off. The accompanying resignation of Celestino Gasca, generally considered second in line, and for four years head of the Federal military-supply factories, is another matter. He is honest and a rarely disinterested type of public servant. His involvement with Morones is a piece of political irony, and it seems inevitable that before long Gasca will be recalled to public service where his character and abilities are needed.

The Morones-Obregon antagonism was of a kind totally different from that which impelled the youth Toral to murder Obregon, "so that Christ could be wholly King of Mexico." The verbal attacks which the labor leader delivered against the Presidential candidate during the campaign were indited from a laborite angle; they implied not errors of commission on Obregon's part but that from the radical Revolutionist viewpoint he had not gone far enough. Such attacks, if they had been noted by Toral at all, would have been deemed by him favorable to Obregon, rather than condemnatory.

The charge that Calles is responsible for the killing of Obregon is too absurd for consideration. No informed person will take it seriously. The Obregon-Calles friendship was a rare example of genuine affection between two men who might conceivably have been rivals, but worked in harmony for fifteen years.

On the evidence to date the instigation of the murder cannot be fastened on any group—laborite or clerical—as a whole. That the slayer was influenced by the teaching he received from certain members of the clergy his own confession reveals, although he claims to be solely responsible for his act. It is obvious that he was unbalanced, and that the antagonism to the Mexican Revolutionary leadership which had been instilled in him was perverted beyond the intent of any of his religious teachers. Certainly the doctrine of moral responsibility in their case would scarcely seem justiciable in any recognized system of modern criminal law. The Mexican Roman Catholic clergy has of course been bitterly hostile to the Mexican Revolutionary administrations and they have been hostile to it. The clergy has made no secret of its animosity. It has considered itself deeply persecuted. And it has not hesitated to use its spiritual power to combat government policies and officials. Mexican bishops have told me so in no uncertain terms. But there has been no consistent uniformity in their acts. The wide disparity in the statements concerning the assassination by Bishop Pascual Diaz of Tabasco, who condemned it unsparingly, and Archbishop Leopoldo Ruïz y Flores of Michoacan, who virtually condoned it, is illustrative. Various Mexican prelates are on record as disapproving the armed rebellion against the Government which followed the withdrawal of the clergy from the churches on August 1, 1926. On the other hand, Archbishop Valencia of Durango issued a pastoral from Rome in February, 1927, giving the rebellion his implicit support. Certainly the episcopate never with one voice has condemned the armed rebellion under the banner of "Long Live Christ the King," in the course of which trains were assaulted with priests acting as chaplains, and innocent victims—women and children—slaughtered. In short, violence has not been unmistakably effectively reproved by the Mexican hierarchy while two years of guerrilla war spilled much blood and kept Mexico in a ferment.

The "Christ King" doctrine as inculcated in Mexico cannot be understood in terms of any theology familiar to Americans, to whom such a device would seem to be, and would be, wholly spiritual. In Mexico the political purpose and connotations of the campaign which was given a vigorous impulse by the Apostolic delegate, Archbishop Ernesto Filippi, were patent. Throughout central Mexico from 1923 to 1926 many houses bore placards with that device and with "Long Live the Pope." In the minds of many communicants the power represented in Mexico by the clergy was thereby set up on a plane higher than the civil authority represented by the Government. In the wake of this sanction came a more effective campaigning against the public schools, agrarian reform, the civil marriage law, and other reforms to which the Mexican administrations were committed. When this campaign culminated in January, 1923, in the dedication on the top of the loftiest mountain in central Mexico of the cornerstone of a temple to "Christ, King of Mexico," amid elaborate ceremonials, President Obregon expelled the Papal delegate who had officiated. The technical charge was violation of the constitutional provision forbidding religious processions

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outside of regular places of worship. At the ceremonies Bishop Miguel de la Mora of San Luis Potosi preached a sermon in which he stated that "from His new position of vantage towering above Mexico, Christ would defy His enemies as He had defied the Jews who had crucified Him."

A similar suggestion of medieval intolerance is found in the latest *Osservatore Romano* statement, in which reference is made to Mexico's Foreign Minister as "a Protestant Jew who opened the gates in the most barefaced fashion to the immigration of his coreligionaries." This information—or misinformation—about Aaron Saenz* (who is a Presbyterian) is derived from Mexican clerical circles, where the terms "Protestant" and "Jew" are today in common use as opprobrious epithets. I have repeatedly heard them so used by the Mexican clergy, and have frequently heard them employed interchangeably with "atheistic," "Bolshevistic," and "Masonic." The tolerance which the Mexican Roman Catholic clergy complains is denied it, it is not yet extending to members of other sects. Incredible as it may appear to persons in the United States, Protestant missionaries have *within the last three years* been set upon by mobs and killed for no reason other than that of their faith and calling.

For Obregon's assassination no one will, of course, accept "moral responsibility." No one person other than the assassin himself can justly be blamed therefor. The nearest approach to implicating any one person came from the aforementioned Bishop de la Mora. In his statement exonerating the Mexican Roman Catholic clergy (August 6) he asserted of Mother Superior Concepcion de la Llata (who was named as having influenced Toral indirectly): "It is public knowledge that her brain is not normal and that in her family there have been cases of insanity." But how could the Mexican hierarchy tolerate as the responsible head of a convent a person whose mental abnormality was of "public knowledge"?

In his testimony Toral stated that in the confessional previous to assassinating Obregon he had made no mention of his design because he considered it no sin. He stated that the moment before the shooting Obregon's kindly smile had made him waver and almost renounce his purpose, but that he had uttered an "Ave Maria" and thus fortified himself. Thus the mother of Christ was invoked to aid crime, as Christ Himself has been repeatedly invoked to sanction bloodshed in Mexico in the last two years.

Out of all this, one tragic truth stands out. In ground fertilized by hatred, bigotry, and fanaticism, an assassination that its perpetrator did not consider a sin or a crime but a noble deed could easily be spawned. Such a soil, such mental processes, and the deed which can grow out of them do not belong to this day and age. They reveal that the distance that separates at least a portion of the Roman Catholic clergy of Mexico from their brothers of the cloth in this country is not to be measured in miles but in centuries, in time rather than in space. Recognition of this fact by the Roman Catholic hierarchy outside of Mexico, and efforts on its part to reform the clergy there, would far more speedily bring about peace and a healing of deep wounds than blind support of Mexican clericalism because it, too, wears an outward garb that presupposes sanctity and sanity.

* The origin of the report in Mexico that the Saenz family is Jewish as well as Protestant is based on nothing more than that its members were given Old Testament names. Aaron Saenz's brother Moises (Moses) is Under Secretary of Education.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has a friend who has rented a farmhouse for the summer. It seems a fairly innocent thing to do, especially since the friend behaves himself decorously on the whole and breaks none of the more important laws of church or state—at least not obviously. But the neighborhood has its eye on him and about him its tongue is wagging. When he stirs abroad they ask him about it, and behind his back they lay wagers or merely wonder. And the point at issue, the great question of the season, is, will he or won't he buy the place when the summer is over?

* * * * *

PERPLEXED, the Drifter inquired the reason of all this seemingly idle curiosity. "Don't you know," one said to him frankly, "that buying property and getting married are public matters, in which the community cannot help but take an interest? Let a young man make eyes at a girl, or let a girl begin to call a young man by a pet name, and all the friends of both are at once interested. And let a man, safely married now perhaps, but begin to flirt with a real-estate agent, and every man he knows is advising him about the furnace and the pipes and every woman wants to decide on the color of the dining-room curtains." The Drifter is not disposed to argue with social wisdom given so confidently. And on the whole, observation has taught him the truth of these remarks. They could, of course, have been further generalized. For when a man marries, or dies, or spends money he contributes to the social pattern, and the other members of society are affected by and interested in his acts.

* * * * *

ONLY one person of his acquaintance has ever refrained from being social in any of these ways. He has, by his own account, never married. And looking at him, the Drifter can well believe it. For he is not a prepossessing figure. His beard grows long on his bosom; once a year, so the legend goes, he shaves and has a bath. He lives quite by himself in a little house perhaps eight feet by ten, set snugly against a hill and with a sawdust pile at the front door. How he got possession of the property remains a mystery; certainly he never bought it. For a month or so in the summer he works at desultory gardening; with the capital so acquired he lives through the rest of the year. He is said to be an excellent if not too fastidious cook, but the keeper of the village store never sells him anything but flour and, less often, bacon. Perhaps he has learned the secret of drying berries into a loaf for winter consumption; perhaps he traps and shoots enough game for his needs. However he lives, he keeps it to himself. He can be seen almost any evening, a solitary figure leaning on a cane, for he is lame, walking soberly along the road. He will wave his arm in response to a hail, but when accosted his conversation is as brief as possible. He has almost entirely succeeded in living without society; yet society cannot live without him, for the most intense curiosity prevails with regard to him. All sorts of stories about him are current. He cannot read, they say, yet he takes regularly a French newspaper. He makes his bed when the moon changes, and

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if the change occurs on a cloudy night, he waits till next time. He is very old, and he fought for France in 1870. But whatever the truth about him, gossip cannot let him alone, any more than it can the Drifter's summer renter. Only a Drifter, one who never stops long enough in one place to be recognized, can hope to evade the prying eyes of his neighbors. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Norman Thomas on Al Smith

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Hoover's acceptance speech was at best the speech of a benevolent bureaucrat devoted to an outworn economic philosophy. Governor Smith's clever and emotionally sincere appeal to liberals demands closer examination. The all-important point is that Alfred E. Smith is no dictator but the candidate of a party. He must work with and through his party. And such a party! On every liberal issue of the last decade its record is as bad as the Republican; its platform can scarcely be distinguished from the Republican, and its organization, as I have observed in fourteen States of the South and Middle West, is more stupidly incompetent than the Republican.

Nor is it true that Governor Smith's record is such as to inspire faith that he can and will whip this mass of blundering, quarreling, reactionary politicians into line. Governor Smith appeals to his record. So be it. It has its good points. But he was pledged to the hilt to the child-labor amendment; under pressure he cleverly dodged his pledges. He talks somewhat vaguely against the injunction evil, but the happy warrior has done nothing effective on this issue as Governor of New York. He promises, again somewhat vaguely, to hang on to our public water-power sites and to protect the ultimate consumer. Again, with the exception of the fight against the St. Lawrence grab, his record on public utilities is poor. He appointed all the members of one of the most reactionary public-service commissions in the country, one of the worst of the members being his preconvention manager. He appointed New York's bungling transit commission. It is freely charged that he is in sympathy with those who would break down our five-cent fare in New York. Certainly, he has not helped in solving the transit tangle. Finally, this marvelous leader, who is to whip Tammany Hall, the corrupt city ring of Memphis, Tennessee, and the mossback politicians of Arkansas into a party of progress, has lacked the desire or the will to consider specific charges against the Mayor whom he gave New York or to help by one least effort in the struggle for an honest count in New York City elections. And to cap the climax, he has chosen as his chief of staff Raskob, the open-shopper, the profiteer on every war, a member of the group which sought the St. Lawrence water-power franchise.

In the South and even in the Middle West Democrats are tearfully protesting that prohibition is no partisan issue at all. Indeed, they stand for stricter enforcement! In Missouri Democratic politicians hopefully count on rural Drys to vote for Hay, a Dry Senatorial candidate, and get Smith, and the urban Wets to vote for Smith and get Hay. Politically speaking, the Governor's liquor program is fantastically impossible. One may sympathize with his candor and with much of his criticism of conditions and yet agree that his plan would put the issue deeper into partisan politics rather than take it out.

As for farm relief, the Governor has nothing to offer radically different from the Republicans. Neither will the tariff become a major issue unless the Governor goes farther toward concrete advocacy of lower rates than he shows any sign of doing. On labor Smith opposes "unwarranted" injunctions, while Hoover opposes "excessive" ones.

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There remain the two high points—from a liberal standpoint—of the Governor's speech: his declaration on water-power sites and on imperialism. It is hard to tell just what the Governor proposes to do with Muscle Shoals or how he will manage Boulder Dam in view of the failure of the seven States to make the treaty he advocates. He is still weak on the problem of transmitting power publicly produced. What kind of contract will he be able to make for distributing energy when the transmission lines are in the hands of a close-knit, notorious monopoly which will be master of our democracy unless we master it?

That the Governor speaks plainly on Mexico and Nicaragua is to the good (so did Harding, the candidate, speak on Haiti), but he does not promise to withdraw our marines. He forgets that in Mexico, Haiti, and Santo Domingo the Wilson Administration did worse things than the Coolidge Administration. He ignores the recognition of Russia, debts and reparations, the World Court, and the League of Nations, and the right of the President, even with the consent of Congress, to collect private debts in backward countries by the marines. These questions must be dealt with positively one way or another by the next President. Where does Governor Smith stand? And where does he stand on the race question, and on taxation of land, inheritances, and incomes? What solution has he for the problem of coal? These are questions liberals and progressives, unless they are children pacified by kind words and a few toys, will want to ask.

Socialists are less concerned with these specific questions than with the evidence this campaign affords that a few decent and liberal inclinations in a candidate are powerless to save us so long as both parties belong to the same general business interests and think only in terms of the right of men to own for their own power and profit property which should belong to society and be managed for the general good. For our political salvation we need not a happy warrior but our own party!

New York, August 27 NORMAN THOMAS,
Socialist Candidate for President

$10 and "Make Good"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was sentenced in the lower courts of Boston the other day for a larceny offense to twenty days in jail and a fine of $10. The irony of that sentence you will see if you read on.

In 1900 I was committed to the Concord Reformatory for an indefinite term. Upon my release from that institution I received $3 and the best wishes of the warden to "make good." But I had no intention of "making good." That well-meaning official might just as well have spoken to the surrounding prison walls. I was just launching upon a criminal career that covered a period of twenty-seven years—twenty spent behind prison walls and seven in precarious liberty.

My first burglary offense went to the jury on July 10, 1902. I was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Upon my release I received $10, a prison suit of clothes, and again the best wishes of the warden to "make good." On ten dollars.

A well-known shoe manufacturer of Boston had a beautiful home in the suburbs of the city. Some of us broke into it at night. I was the candidate to stand trial for this offense, and I went back to the Charlestown prison with a sentence of six to eight years. But everything has an end, and once again I stood in the warden's office to receive the State's $10 and the warden's best wishes to "make good." I believe every warden uses the same expression. Our parting was merely a brief formality. "Make good"—on $10.

The money Massachusetts gave me furnished my transportation to New York. On the Bowery I met an old pal of mine who was a "paper-layer," a forger. Together we let loose a score of bad checks. In order to elude the authorities I enlisted in the army. But my career as a soldier ended abruptly with a two-year sentence at the military prison at Leavenworth.

The army is a little more liberal with "conduct time" for good behavior, so in a year I received my discharge from that institution. My liberty was short. The New York authorities were at the outer gates to take me back to stand trial for the bad checks. A visit up the river under Warden Osborne's administration finally terminated, and again I stood in the warden's office and received my discharge, $10, and the admonition to "make good."

I have now become a fifth offender. I received my discharge the other day, but my $10 from the State of Massachusetts has not yet given me a new start in life.

Since my release I have done a little figuring. According to my calculation, I have accomplished thousands of dollars' worth of profitable work. For this I have received $50 from the States of Massachusetts and New York. I do not seek to excuse myself. But it strikes me there is bad management in the way I have been treated. Once out of jail, I was always up against a line-up that made it practically impossible for me to get and hold a job, because of the prejudice against an ex-convict. In one place, the other workmen began taking their coats out of the washroom when they heard about me. Society naturally headed me back toward crime, instead of encouraging me to "make good." That is an injustice, so is the fact that I never left prison with anything like a fair balance of pay for the work I had done behind the bars.

I hope that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the State of New York, so far advanced in many other things, will make it possible for discharged convicts to get a new start with sufficient cash to make good.

New York, July 18 LEAVENWORTH 20,803

Venizelos

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* of August 1 carries an editorial note on Eleutherios Venizelos, on the occasion of his return to politics. Speaking about the Cretan, it says: "In 1917 . . . with the aid of French marines, [he] became Greece's first President." Venizelos, although a Republican and Premier, never was Greece's President. And further on: "But, despite Lloyd George's support, he could not hold Turkey against the Turks; the disastrous defeat of the Greek army and the burning of Smyrna in 1920 seemed to end Venizelos's career with a great smoky smudge." The disaster of the Greek army and the burning of Smyrna took place in 1922. Venizelos's career seemed to end after the general elections in which he was badly defeated, in 1920, but that was two years before the burning of Smyrna. The "great smoky smudge" belongs to the executed ministers who were governing Greece when the smoke went up at Smyrna. The responsibility of the debacle in Asia Minor can be laid at Venizelos's door only to the extent that he failed to foresee, first, his own defeat in the elections of 1920, and, second, the unbelievable stupidity of his successors.

The editorial continues: "Yet he is in the premiership again and has forced the unwilling President, Admiral Koundoriotis, to dissolve parliament and change the electoral law so that the Cretan may rule untrammeled." If the implication is that that he is on the way of becoming a dictator, I think it is not true, and rather unfair. The elections he has conducted so far have all been above board, and he has respected the will of the people even when it went against him, as in 1920. In addition, this time he has picked a royalist, Mr. Zavitsianos, for the post of Minister of the Interior that his opponents may rest assured that the elections are going to be on the level.

Fitzsimons, Col., August 2 C. L. TERZOPOULOS

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Books and Music

Three Sonnets

By MERRILL MOORE

Warning to One

Death is the strongest of all living things,
And when it happens do not look in the eyes
For a dead fire or a lack-luster there
But listen for the words that fall from lips
Or do not fall. Silence is not death,
It merely means that the one who is conserving breath
Is not concerned with tattle and small quips.
Watch the quick fingers and the way they move

During unguarded moments—words of love
And love's caresses may be as cold as ice
And cold the glitter of engagement rings.
Death is the sword that hangs on a single hair
And that thin tenuous hair is no more than love
And yours is the silly head it hangs above.

Sturm und Drang

We are too young and have not seen enough
Yet to interpret properly the wind's sough
And the story of branches beating on each other
When the storm-clouds bring them bitter weather.
We cannot wrest from Chaos her bright book
Long enough to open it and look
And read—for we could read what she has written
But yet not now, there still is too much din!

And back of the two rich gates that are your eyes
Guarding the fragrant orchard that is your mind
I can see that you have well defined
The proper answer to this situation,
So, letting tomorrow care for what may arise,
Today let us attend the slow transition.

Pandora and the Moon

Minds awake in bodies that were asleep
Caused the winged troubles to be born
That made Pandora onetime feel forlorn,
Because, in spite of the box, she could not keep
Her troubles there, the worrisome animalcules
Fluttered out never to be regained,
For every method of evil especially trained
And subject neither to God's nor the devil's rules.

What shall she do? Nothing, but sit and ponder,
Watch the dying leaves drop from the tree
Until they all are gone and she may see
The same moon then that used to make her wonder
At the unbelievable stories she sits and reads.
And if she succeeds in that then she succeeds.

Mr. Underwood Reflects

Drifting Sands of Party Politics. By Oscar W. Underwood. New York: The Century Company. $3.50.

TWENTY years' service in the House of Representatives, followed by twelve years in the Senate, ought, it would seem, to give almost any man of intelligence and high character a sensible and worth-while point of view from which to look at American politics and the American governmental system generally. Mr. Underwood is an illustration, all too rare in the history of the past thirty years, of a man to whom a prolonged and varied experience of public life at Washington has brought not only knowledge but reflection; and reflection, when buttressed by historical inquiry and the calm temper of a gentleman, is pretty certain, as in his case, to produce convictions not wholly in accord with the superficial and repetitious dogmatism which constitutes, for the politician class, the larger part of the intellectual stock in trade.

Mr. Underwood appears in his book as, in all essential respects, a Democrat of the old school. He agrees with Jefferson in holding that the best government is the one that governs least. He believes in all seriousness that when Congress and the States, fearful of federal intrusion, insisted upon declaring in the Tenth Amendment that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people," they not only meant what they said, but that they also created an obligation in the federal government to see that the prescription was observed. What impresses him, however, as he looks about, is the extraordinary extent to which the constitutional obligation has been disregarded, and he appears to have written his book principally as an indictment of the vast encroachment of federal authority which is today not only one of the most striking characteristics of American politics, but a daily menace to personal and political liberty as well.

What he has to say on the subject is not, to be sure, especially new, for others before him have spoken out, but what he says carries weight because he himself was long in a position to see and know exactly what was going on behind the curtain. He knows, for example, how tariffs were made, and his account of the influences which sustained and enlarged protection under Republican auspices will not inspire any voter with a conscience to support the Republican ticket next November. He punctures the bubble of a tariff commission, shows the fundamental weakness of the Federal Reserve banking system, whose recent handling of the credit situation has set the banking and investment community by the ears, points out the evils and dangers of multiplying federal commissions and boards, scores the espionage and sedition acts of the Wilson regime, and compares national prohibition with the Constitution. The Supreme Court, which has so substantially aided the overriding of State rights, does not escape, and the Progressives, to whom "the guaranty of the federal Constitution stood not as a safeguard for the protection of their lives, the preservation of their liberties, or the insurance of their happiness, but rather as an impediment in the way of the humanitarian or class legislation that they determined was best for the mass of the American people," receive their share of chastisement.

The criticism to be passed upon Mr. Underwood's book is that the remedies which he offers are little more than counsels of perfection. He would abolish "the discretions that are now vested in a bureaucratic government," "divorce the federal government from any intimate association in the domestic affairs of the people," confine legislative authority to Con-

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gress and executive authority to the President, and break the hold of organizations like the Anti-Saloon League by removing "the rewards that associations battle for." This is all very well, but nothing of the kind can be done without legislation, and the legislation will not be forthcoming so long as the voters, for whose welfare Mr. Underwood sincerely cares, are content to support representatives whose primary concern is with the maintenance of the system. It all comes back to the character of the electorate, and how to impart high character to an electorate the vast majority of which has been taught to look upon politics as either a gamble or a joke is not easily discoverable in Mr. Underwood's book.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Ten Neglected Centuries

The Romanesque Lyric: Studies in its Background and Development from Petronius to the Cambridge Songs (50-1050). By Philip Schuyler Allen. With Renderings into English Verse by Howard Mumford Jones. The University of North Carolina Press. $4.50.

IN his well-known collection of Goliardic verse, "Wine, Women and Song," John Addington Symonds in 1884 expressed the conventionally contemptuous judgment on the Latin poetry immediately preceding the twelfth century: "There is little need to dwell upon these crepuscular stirrings of popular Latin poetry in the earlier Middle Ages. To indicate their existence was necessary; for they serve to link by a dim and fragile thread of evolution the decadent art of the base Empire with the renaissance of paganism attempted in the twelfth century, and thus to connect that dawn of modern feeling with the orient splendors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Italy." This dilettante judgment is hardly more liberal or acute than the rigorously academic point of view which prefers to see early medieval Latin poetry as an integral body of traditional Roman matter, and no more. It is the admirable achievement of Professor Allen to have crowned his many years of conscientious and scholarly labors in a difficult field with a book which at least shows the way toward an appreciation of this verse as a distinct and important entity, an actual poetic form, characteristic and expressive of a new type of experience, a form which is no "crepuscular stirring," no "dim and fragile thread of evolution," but a sturdy and logical growth, susceptible of extended study.

To this poetry Professor Allen assigns the apt and suggestive term "Romanesque" which he defines as "that mutation of the classical Roman form which resulted from the avowed attempt to adapt classical forms to Christian purposes." Actually his exposition of the subject gives a much wider significance to the term, but the definition will serve. It should be understood at once, however, that Professor Allen is speaking constantly of a "mutation." He does not become over-excited by his thesis and plunge into a Spenglerism. While he insists on the Romanesque lyric as a "characteristic" form, he champions with equal vehemence the idea of the continuity of cultures. He is no exclusionist. To him the Romanesque lyric is partially an outgrowth of the classical experience, but he makes clear that from that experience it extracts a new note of sensibility, romanticism, and mutability, which Professor Allen claims to discover first in Petronius.

But not only is it dependent on the classical tradition; it is also largely a function of the partially non-Roman, highly complicated Gaulish society of the pre-Caesarian era. Thus it exists for many centuries side by side with a petrified and sterile pure classic tradition, but it differentiates itself sharply from this tradition, as in the Merovingian poetry of Fortunatus and Walahfrid Strabo. Its first flowering comes with the Carolingian renaissance, whose significance Professor Allen is possibly inclined slightly to overrate: and achieves a high point of intensity and sophistication (relatively speaking) in the Cambridge songs (1050) where the "sway and thud" of the imminent vernacular poetry can already be heard. But the career of the Romanesque lyric has been affected by non-continental influences still further removing it from the classic tradition. Among these influences Professor Allen points out the Gaelic poetry of the sixth century, brought to the mainland by Columban and other Irish monks; and the Arabico-Persian love poetry of the sixth to the tenth century. In the ninth-century Platonism of Ibn Dawoud, for example, we are shown a possible source for the occidental symbolisms of mariolatry and Platonic love.

It is his constant and pertinent insistence on the importance of the Romanesque lyric as a characteristic form rather than his exposition of the thesis that forms the valuable element in the book. Professor Allen finds his greatest difficulty in naming the characteristics which go to make up the Romanesque poetic experience. The qualities he assigns to it —sweetness, mutability, freshness, romanticism—all offer difficult problems in definition, some of which are not clearly solved. The situation is not rendered any simpler by Professor Allen's use of the term "Gaelic temper," applying it to verse which seems, at least from the translations, fairly remote from whatever the Irish spirit is supposed to be at this date. His exposition is further complicated by the fact that his subject is a highly controversial one: he has not always been able to prevent the ink-screens of academic bickerings from obscuring his ideas. He devotes a whole chapter, for instance, to a virulent and largely unimportant refutation of the comical German theory which would evolve the medieval minstrel and jongleur from the vaudeville mime of late Latinity, as we see him in the pages of the Satyricon. This controversial interest tends to lend his style a note of irritating acerbity which occasionally alienates the sympathy of the reader.

Certain exaggerations should also be noted, particularly his stressing, worthy of a Sinn Feiner, of the cultural influences of the Gaelic monasteries in the sixth century. He is so eager to prove his theory of the constant transmission and exchange of culture through the medieval trade routes that he forgets that a thousand years of commerce between two countries may never carry over a single poetic form or idea from one to the other: witness our own lamentable ignorance of the poetic culture of South America, with whom our trade relations are of the busiest and most complicated. Finally, in his laudable desire to construct a solid social and historical background for his poetry, Professor Allen too often blurs our sense of the poetry itself and its chronological and self-contained evolution. We cannot see the trees for the wood.

Despite these faults, the book will remain a standard and arresting work in its field, with implications that lie far beyond the mere subject matter. It should be read by every student of poetry and certainly by every student of the Middle Ages. It serves to whet one's appetite, not only for Professor Allen's promised volume on the Carolingian lyric, but for his sequel to the present book which will, of course, deal with the poetic renaissance of the eleventh, twelfth, and early thirteenth centuries. Anyone who has read at all in Edelstand du Méril and the "Carmina Burana" must have had an indefinable yet persistent sense of two divergent types of poetic emotion, represented respectively in the professional Goliardic songs and in the popular Latin love poetry, often so hard to distinguish. It is to this interesting problem in differentiation that Professor Allen's projected sequel will devote itself.

Space forbids more than an inhumanly casual mention of the brilliant translations by Howard Mumford Jones which stud the pages of "The Romanesque Lyric." In one or two cases, notably that of the oft-attempted Pervigilium Veneris, he seems to have achieved a classic version. Particularly worthy of praise is the sureness of his humorous touch, where the macaronic Cambridge songs require it. If he can do equally well with the Goliards and the secular hymnology of the elev-

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enth century, he will easily displace the rather affectedly clever translations of Symonds, hitherto the main source for those whose Latin is uncertain. CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

A Boy's Long Days

Day of Fortune. By Norman Matson. The Century Company. $2.50.

THIS is the most interesting novel I have read for many months. It will certainly take its place as one of the half dozen best of a year that is notable for the continued emergence of a group of new writers with major possibilities.

In form Mr. Matson is less consciously a literary artist than Hemingway, Westcott, Aiken, and Wilder. The scenes of Peter Chezness's life unroll before us in a series of episodes, sometimes quite unrelated, sometimes revolving around a central experience such as his first newspaper job, his editorship of a labor paper in a small Western town near San Francisco, his mother's death. This particular form has of late been out of favor with American reviewers and American publishers, partly because, having no obvious rules, it is immensely easier for the beginner to "get away with" than a plotted novel. Because, some years ago, the public bought largely and read avidly certain long, apparently formless scrapbags of reminiscences and recorded emotions and opinions, a great number of meager talents set themselves to serve the same dish, with disastrously dreary consequences. In the salutary reaction which is reaching its peak today, novels of this description have fallen into disrepute, and we are already in a fair way to admire form regardless of content. For this reason, and because today few spectacles are considered more deliciously amusing than a young man who believes in the amelioration of the human lot, it required courage for Mr. Matson to issue his book. The measure of his success is shown by the fact that my mind harks back at once to the joy with which we read "Jean-Christophe," "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," and "Pelle," after the smooth nothings of the imitators of Howells and James.

Perhaps it is time to invent a new name for the stream-of-experience novel. If it were named, modern critics might recognize modern examples of it as belonging to a very respectable genre. Unnamed they brand it as formless and deprive us, in so far as their censure affects publishers, of one of the most perennially interesting of literary forms. It is in effect autobiography, except that under the cover of fiction the author tells things that no autobiographer, barring Cellini, Moore, and Rousseau, would tell, and that whenever it is necessary to portray the true inwardness of a situation he invents the requisite episodes. I am reminded here that no one today reads those romances of which Rousseau so plumed himself, although his autobiography is read as eagerly as when it was new; and that Moore's most arduously conceived novels are dull indeed compared with "Hail and Farewell." So I, at least, am content to let Mr. Matson find his own path.

The Chezness family comes from Norway. Mary, the mother of Peter, was a little child, just old enough to remember the voyage, when the family emigrated to Chicago. A few pages commemorate her girlhood, vaguely, as her son would have remembered it from old stories told around the kitchen table; and then the book emerges into the daylight in Grand Rapids, Michigan, with Peter as the medium through whom things are seen and felt. The next hundred and twenty-three pages are a delightful reconstruction of a boy's long days.

> The endless world radiates from Our House, a peaked white cottage behind a maple-tree. The world is flat. It is cut in halves by Turner Street. Alas, nothing is exact! Time and space change according to their relation to Our House. Time in Leonard Street, half a mile away, goes faster; and a "city block" gradually, at a mounting rate, lengthens as one walks from the center of the world. "Do you like this street?" one asks of the boy who lives three streets away, and one means, "Do you like the quality of life here?" Because the quality of life must be so different. . . . Oh, the days went by like clouds, like soft elephants drugged with boredom, invisibly moving, and one groaned with a dim and intolerable fainting, and one didn't know, and there was no one to say, that this was the hunger for words and memories with which to build a tolerable reality!

When Peter was fourteen or thereabouts, the family moved to San Francisco in hope of better luck. He washed bottles in a drug-store, went to night-school, worked in a railroad freight office, and finally embraced enthusiastically the chance to give up a twenty-dollar-a-week job in order to earn five as a cub reporter. Almost too many things happened in the next eight years for credibility. There was the fire, there was the war, to which Peter did not go, there was revolution. No book yet has compassed those years successfully: yet we read each new attempt eagerly, for no years have borne a greater burden. Mr. Matson succeeds better than most, for his emphasis is never on that amazing tide of events but on the boy who struggled through them.

Yet the book suffers a bit from the richness of life. It reminds one at times of Peter's perplexity as he sat in the sunny courtyard of a restaurant in the county seat and "looked quickly all around him, trying to feel the moment as a whole, despairing ever to write a true word—life was so brilliant, rapid, and unexpected. If he wrote of this moment and left out one shining wine glass, one green leaf, he would be a liar; but if he put all in, there wouldn't be paper enough in the world to bear his words."

Mr. Matson is still too inebriated by life to be always the literary craftsman. In the end his book makes its effect cumulatively, because of its wealth of poignantly remembered and honestly described experience. And even estimating its cumulative effect, one sees that the two most tenderly and poignantly drawn portraits, Mary and Knut, are not wholly there, lack those final revealing touches that only a man mad with genius dares to give. One sees that, as a work of art, the book exists because of its lyric qualities; and that Mr. Matson, embroiled in his agitating and deeply realized experience, did not sufficiently see this. If he had seen it the book might have stood beside "The Time of Man," for he can be delightfully the literary craftsman, as the first passages I quoted sufficiently show. As it is he has produced a memorable and fine book, one notable for its detachment, its candor, and its total absence of all kinds of intellectual or artistic hokum.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

The Original Monroe Doctrine

The Monroe Doctrine, 1823-1826. By Dexter Perkins. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

THIS treatise is the most thorough study of the origin, reception, and promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine that has yet been made. To secure materials Mr. Perkins carried on an extensive search in archives and libraries in the Old World and the New.

His monograph presents a fresh discussion of the causes for the promulgation of the famous message of December 2, 1823. Its principle, directed against future European colonization in America, was clearly an American reaction against the Czar's ukase which announced the existence of a Russian sphere of influence in the north Pacific. Rightly does the author scout the notion, which has been entertained by students of diplomacy, that by a secret treaty signed at the Congress of Verona in November, 1822, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia pledged themselves to put an end to the system of repre-

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sentative government in whatever country it might exist in Europe, and to prevent it from being introduced in those countries where it was not yet known. He was unable to discover that in 1823—aside from a prevailing dislike of republican institutions—there was imminent danger of intervention by the Holy Allies in the affairs of South America. However, he accepts the view that France had for some time entertained a design to establish Bourbon monarchies in the Spanish Indies, which was an attempt to reconcile the interests of French commerce with the principle of legitimacy.

In regard to the much-discussed problem of the authorship of the Monroe Doctrine, this study somewhat readjusts the emphasis. Credit for the formulation of the non-colonization principle is assigned chiefly to John Quincy Adams. With respect to the promulgation of the principle of non-intervention, the author gives more credit to Monroe than has ordinarily been attributed in recent years. The "republicanism of the message," Mr. Perkins declares, "sits with a better grace upon Monroe than upon Adams." Sagely does he remark that the original Doctrine of Monroe derived its power and authority mainly from the fact that it expressed the beliefs of many Americans, both great and small.

Although he believes that the message was favorably received in Spanish America, yet Mr. Perkins minimizes its contemporary influence. He rightly appreciates its broader significance as indicative of a clash between two opposing principles: the one of intervention based upon absolutism and the other of non-intervention based upon popular rights.

Some slips mar the high scholarship of this monograph. The famous archival repository at Sevilla is repeatedly designated as the "Archivo General de las Indias." The author did not find all the significant documents concerning intervention that repose in European archives. He has produced, however, a book that should modify American notions in regard to a cardinal feature of our foreign policy. If he has occasionally been a little too iconoclastic, perhaps the net result will be ultimately to chasten that popular idealization of the Monroe Doctrine which has even cast a romantic halo over the heads of its authors.

WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON

The Idea of the State

Sovereignty. A Study of a Contemporary Political Notion. By Paul W. Ward. London: George Routledge and Sons.

THE theory of sovereignty predicates that in every state there is some final and unquestioned center of ultimate authority. Professor Ward's book aims at giving an analysis and criticism of this doctrine as presented by contemporary writers. In an introductory chapter the author traces the historical development of the theory of sovereignty. He then discusses such British Hegelians as Bosanquet and Muirhead and the criticism of Hegelianism by Dewey and Hobhouse. In Sir Henry Jones Professor Ward could have found a more moderate statement of Hegelianism than in the writers he has chosen. The author's sympathy is with the pluralists, but his summary of the views of Figgis, Laski, Cole, and Duguit is eminently dispassionate. It is not, however, true that guild-socialism is now an active movement. As a movement it is a spent force. Nor is it defensible to dismiss syndicalism with a bare reference and to omit entirely fascism and communism. The impact of internationalism on sovereignty is in the main dealt with by a discussion of the views of Krabbe. In a concluding critical résumé, the author follows faithfully the teaching of John Dewey. Within its limited range the book is useful and lucid.

Yet to some aspects of his problem Professor Ward fails to give due appreciation. He is not wholly correct in designating the pluralist criticism of sovereignty as a defense of social groups and not of individuals. The essence of pluralism is individualism. The contemporary emphasis on the group is merely a means to the freedom of the individual. It is the stress on the "inexpugnable variety of human wills" that forms the common basis in the varied views of Hobhouse, Russell, Cole, and Laski. As a matter of fact, the issue between the critical individualism of Professor Laski and the acquiescent statism of Bosanquet is in no vital sense different from the issue between Locke and Filmer, Paine and Burke, Bentham and Blackstone. In the age of Locke, critical political thought aimed at protecting the individual against the then existing authority by endowing him with natural rights and by a departmental separation of governmental powers. Now, however, the aim is at safeguarding the individual not by a departmental separation of powers but by a functional decentralization. In the age of Locke, the liberty desired was political; now it is economic. The setting and applications are different, but the approach is the same.

Again, Professor Ward is not wholly adequate in stating that political theories are offered as mere subsequent justification of interests. The relation between theory and fact is reciprocal. Theory not only justifies but enforces interests. The mere reiteration of the defense of a certain interest tends to strengthen that very interest. Thus, for example, guild-socialism is, surely in part, the expression of a desire on the part of the workers for self-government in industry, but the exposition of that theory undoubtedly has tended to enforce that desire. Furthermore, critical political thought is also prophetic. Significant radical thought is based on an elaboration of the newer tendencies of contemporary society, which tendencies promise fuller development in the future. In such books as Professor Laski's "Grammar of Politics" and the Webbs's "Constitution" we may see in blurred outline some tendencies of the state of the future. Of course, only radical writers can throw such light, for conservative writers such as Bosanquet, Mallock, and McDougall merely justify the present and hence cannot indicate the direction of events. Critical theory is thus not merely passive but active and creative.

LEWIS ROCKOW

Books in Brief

The Practical Application of Sociology. A Study of the Scope and Purpose of Applied Sociology. By Herbert Newhard Shenton. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

The purpose of applied sociology is to discover ways and means of reducing the expenditure of human energy and of minimizing the economic costs of social control. When Lester Frank Ward was writing his voluminous tomes and wielding a genuine influence upon the social thinking of the latter part of the nineteenth century he was inspired by the belief that sociology would, like the "woman-soul" in Faust, lead us upward and onward forever. Telesis was to him that attribute of society most sharply opposed to genesis, by means of which society moved toward its approved goal, while applied sociology assumed the task of pointing out this goal. Ward's confusion of sociology and ethics, together with his emphasis upon meliorism, has not been accepted by a later generation of more practically minded students of society. Mr. Shenton is concerned not so much with purpose as with ways and means. Social control has become a technique which we now see as capable of use for either good or ill. Particularly in connection with business and industry does applied sociology offer assistance to the entrepreneur in controlling his workmen. Everywhere men strive to get other men to do what they want them to do. A study of social motivation in large and small groups, the discovery of the appeals which bring action and the technique of making these appeals, introduces into sociology many of the aspects of industrial and efficiency engineering. Mr. Shenton feels that each of the sciences has developed most

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rapidly when men began to see some practical use for it; it is his belief that applied sociology is about to come into its own, after which it will in turn serve to enrich the "pure" science from which it sprang. It will serve to unite the progress of sociological knowledge with the practice of empirical science and be useful in devising ways and means of achieving proximate social ends.

Hymen, or the Future of Marriage. By Norman Haire. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.

To one who has been immunized against so-called "startling sex discussions" this brief discussion of marriage today and its future tomorrow seems to have fallen short in its prophetic proclamations. The book contains a plea for companionate marriage for the young, accompanied by the necessary frankness in sex discussion. All this would avail naught without legalized birth-control information and easy divorce. So much for the today of marriage. Tomorrow there will be brilliant possibilities for marriage as an institution. Though "life-long monogamous marriages are the ideal," legalized polygamy will also prevail. Men and women will be equally self-supporting. Children will be educated and cared for by the state if it is economically necessary. Men and women unfit to become parents will be sterilized, and the logical accompaniment of this will be legalized abortion and state infanticide of unfit children. To cap the future of marriage, as it were, there will be artificial reproduction or ectogenesis. Babies will be born in glass tubes! This little book contains a galaxy of sex concepts—all of them have been found in one or another of man's Utopias.

Spokesmen. By T. K. Whipple. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

Critical essays on our established literary figures, written with an attractive sobriety. Mr. Whipple has little that is new to say; but that may be the result of the simplicity of his subject matter. His major thesis is a familiar one: the middle generation of writers, from Robinson to O'Neill (though, very properly he begins with a consideration of the buccinator, Henry Adams) are primarily engaged in a portrayal of the spiritual frustration inherent in American life. It is a gloomy formula inherited from Van Wyck Brooks and applied with no little skill and a tact that precludes irrelevant aesthetic judgments.

Aphra Behn. By V. Sackville-West. *Annie Besant.* By Geoffrey West. *Lady Hester Stanhope.* By Martin Armstrong. *Bianca Cappello.* By Clifford Bax. Representative Women Series. The Viking Press. $2 each.

The glamor of the Italian Renaissance, bloody, amorous, colorful, and cruel, may be what makes the tale of Bianca Cappello immeasurably the most fascinating so far in the series of which these volumes are the first. One suspects, however, that Mr. Clifford Bax has made the most of his history of the young, beautiful, and intrepid Venetian girl, whom he calls a genius, the mistress and later the wife of Francesco di Medici, who successfully defied the great Medici family, and from her beginnings as the declasse wife of a Florentine nobody, and the despised mistress of a notorious rake, came to be Grand Duchess of Tuscany and Daughter of the Venetian Republic, the latter a title which even the powerful Medici could not but respect. Lady Hester Stanhope, too, is painted by Martin Armstrong in broad, flowing strokes. Niece of William Pitt the younger, "lively, fascinating, garrulous, conceited," she ended her days romantically enough walled up in a deserted monastery in the heart of the Druse country, after thirty years of splendid living and traveling in the mysterious East. Beside these two glowing pictures, the studies of Aphra Behn and even Mrs. Besant seem a little dull and thin. But these women, and doubtless all women who in any age when men were masters were able to rise above their sex's slavery, have something in common—a certain arrogance, the pride and courage usually thought of as masculine, and the fascination of personality. Some of them had the advantage of beauty, but all of them were (and Mrs. Besant at eighty still is) compelling, lively, full of burning energy, and irresistible because they were interesting.

Nuits de Princes. By J. Kessel. Paris: Editions de France.

Two years ago, in "L'Équipage," M. Kessel steered his way between "Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe" and "Tout Ce Que Vous Voudrez, Mon Général," and treated the war without a thesis. Now he takes another subject which is usually done either all in black or all in white and views the Russian émigrés in Paris as human beings. The obscure life of a respectable Paris pension, which is recorded in the first half of the book, and the hot alcoholic suffocation of a Montmartre café-chantant, which fills the second, are joined by M. Kessel's delicate suggestion of a common factor, the submerged tension between the past and the present of his characters. It is present in them all; some it makes tight-lipped; others loose-mouthed; in each it is ready to flare to a climax of mad forgetfulness, whether it be the insane riding of Prince Fédor at the Cossack exhibition or the scattering of Hélène's seamstress's earnings in flowers to decorate the New Year's table. M. Kessel came to his theme prepared by his two previous books on Russia, "La Steppe Rouge" and "Les Rois Aveugles" (in collaboration with Hélène Iswolsky), which dealt with the present and the past regime respectively. He had already had experience in dealing with a group of people all living under the same tension, for it was the strain on a flying squadron in active service which knit "L'Equipage" together. It is consequently not remarkable that "Nuits de Princes" has already gone to 100,000 copies.

The Minor Prophets in the Freer Collection and the Berlin Fragment of Genesis. By Henry A. Sanders and Carl Schmidt. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

This is another example of the remarkable work that Professor Sanders of the University of Michigan has been doing in recent years to make generally available the remains of ancient documents recovered from the sands of Egypt. The papyrus fragments here assembled contain a considerable section of the Minor Prophets in Greek from a manuscript thought to have been written in the latter part of the third century A.D. In the second part of the volume Professor Schmidt of Berlin edits a similar Greek papyrus of about the same date containing the greater part of the first thirty-five chapters of Genesis. The volume is splendidly printed and illustrated.

Monsieur Croche, the Dilettante Hater. From the French of Claude Debussy. With a Foreword by Lawrence Gilman. Viking Press. $2.

Debussy writes about music in the manner of Dorothy Parker about books. The results are almost always amusing, and at times, in their quiet way, they are side-splitting (for example, his discussion of Wagner's "Ring," which, regrettably, he omits from this volume). The refined irony and malice are those of the sensitive person who is apt to have sharply defined, intensely felt sympathies and antipathies, and to astonish one alternately with his penetration and his lack of understanding. Often, therefore, when he is most amusing, Debussy is unsympathetic and unfair. And so the value of his remarks, as Mr. Gilman observes, "is not always so much in the light that they throw upon their subject matter as in their disclosure of the mind of the writer."

The Development of English Biography. By Harold Nicolson. Hogarth Lectures on Literature Series. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

This is an excellent combination of scholarly research and suave artistry. One may occasionally question Mr. Nicolson's judgment—notably his over-adulation of Lockhart's "Life of Scott"—but one can question neither the soundness of his learning nor the skill of his presentation.

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Music

Bayreuth—1928

Bayreuth, August 1

BAYREUTH stands for authenticity in the performance of Wagner. In Bayreuth are preserved the traditions received from Wagner himself by his associates and disciples and handed down by them to others. In Bayreuth is achieved also the perfection in the stage ensemble, in the singing of the chorus, that comes only with weeks of patient rehearsal by persons devoted to their task. In Bayreuth one hears an orchestra that is the pick of German orchestras, playing in a theater with remarkable acoustic qualities, and in a sunken pit which enables the singers to be heard clearly. In Bayreuth one sees the best settings and stage arrangements, the product of the talents of that great regisseur, Siegfried Wagner.

This is the legend; and it caused me to postpone hearing Wagner almost entirely until I could hear him at Bayreuth. And indeed, putting aside the talents of Siegfried Wagner, which did not strike me as an asset, and the typical German woodwind section of the otherwise magnificent orchestra—putting these aside, it was true that even when the acting was bad, which it was for the most part, there was a working together instead of as individuals which gave the productions a tone of nobility and elevation. It was true that while the chorus looked and behaved quite like the choruses in most opera houses, it sang beautifully, as most other choruses do not. It was true that, what with the smaller size of the theater and its acoustic excellence, the singers—Larsén-Todsen and Melchior, for example—sang better than in New York. The singing, in fact, exceeded expectations. Very little of it was poor; most of it was good (there was a better Tristan in Gunnar Graarud, a better Parsifal in Gotthelf Pistor, than we have heard in New York); and some of it—notably of Larsén-Todsen and Friedrich Schoor, and of Frieda Leider, who was in addition the one female singer whose movements were dramatically effective—was superb.

As for the conducting, the opening performance, of "Tristan und Isolde," conducted by Karl Elmendorff, was what one had been led to expect: it was not spirited or inspiring, but it was lucid, carefully modeled, and perfectly finished. The second performance, of "Parsifal," exceeded expectations, for it was conducted by Karl Muck, the last of the early Wagner conductors, who at the age of seventy gave a performance that was almost incredible in its strength and control, its dramatic intensity and point. But then came the first of the Ring cycle, "Das Rheingold," conducted by Franz von Hoesslin; and I have never heard a performance with pretensions to being first-rate that was more wretchedly bungling. Von Hoesslin seemed unable to set and maintain any particular tempo. This was evident immediately in the prelude, in which moreover neither the sound of the brass nor that of the woodwinds synchronized with that of the strings, so that the confusion was complete. If this was the result of five weeks of rehearsal, von Hoesslin was not fit for his job; and I should say this was so even though the succeeding operas sounded successively better; for they were bound to do so, being successively so much better music, and his deficiencies remained in evidence throughout. The close of "Götterdämmerung" was a mess.

I do not, therefore, agree with Siegfried Wagner that the *most* urgent needs of Bayreuth are tenors and money. He cannot, as he says, give "Tannhäuser" for lack of a suitable tenor; while Muck claims not to know of a single good Tristan. And he is further hampered by lack of money in the face of high and rising costs. For this he is himself partly to blame. Bavaria is, of course, the home of reactionary, anti-Republican, anti-Semitic opinion in Germany; and Bayreuth is one of the foci of the infection (during my stay there was a meeting at which a General von Epp, described as the savior of Munich, spoke on the good old days of the German army, and the way to salvation for all Germany). The Siegfried Wagners seem not only to have sympathized but to have done so officially. They not only entertained Adolf Hitler at Villa Wahnfried, but, as we read in America, permitted nationalist demonstrations in the Festival Theater and until this year flew the old imperial flag above it. The result was a strong sentiment against the Bayreuth Festival in the rest of Germany, particularly among such wealthy Jews as patronized and subsidized artistic activities; and this sentiment the Wagners have not yet succeeded in changing by public disavowals.

Perhaps, then, one urgent need is a change in management; but I started out to say that the *most* urgent need was not tenors or money, but good conductors. It is, however, a need of Bayreuth because it is a need of all Germany, as we have recently had occasion to observe in America. Muck ascribes it to the war: a link is missing, he says; a whole generation was lost, he himself knowing of five young men with great talent who were killed. The result is that young men who show the slightest talent, instead of being trained by older men, are seized upon at once to fill responsible positions into which they have had no time to grow; and that most of them have not enough talent to begin with. What, he asks, is the use of teaching traditions to such men? A traditional tempo was set, and was given its value, by a genuine feeling for the music performed; how can it be taught to someone who does not start with the feeling; how can he give it any value; how can he deal with the real situation; which is that there is no single traditional tempo, that if one has a good singer one can hold back, and if one has a poor singer one has got to go faster?

Muck could conduct every production at Bayreuth, but he has not the strength to rehearse it. Since there is nobody else to conduct "Parsifal," he feels obliged to do that; and so his "Parsifal" is the sole glory of Bayreuth and, for some time at any rate, its last.

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International Relations Section

The Kellogg Treaties Sanction War*

By EDWIN M. BORCHARD

I

THE origin of the negotiations between the United States and other Powers leading to the conclusion of the so-called Kellogg Treaties is well known. Beginning with an expression of good-will in M. Briand's note of April 6, 1927, commemorating the entry of the United States into the war and expressing France's willingness to conclude a treaty renouncing war between France and the United States, the negotiations developed rapidly. On June 20, 1927, the French Foreign Minister presented the draft of a treaty embodying his proposal, providing for a condemnation of "recourse to war" and renouncing war as between France and the United States as an "instrument of their national policy." The settlement of all disputes was never to be sought "except by pacific means."

On December 28, 1927, Mr. Kellogg proposed to the French ambassador the extension of the proposed declaration to all the principal Powers. It was argued in the United States that, if the treaty were signed by the United States and France alone, it would be a treaty of alliance. In his accompanying draft of a treaty, Mr. Kellogg recommended the outright and unconditional renunciation of war and the solution of disputes by pacific means only.

The French press was critical. It was maintained that France had obligations to the League of Nations and could not make these new commitments. But the criticism was dropped after forty-eight hours on the publication of the French reply undertaking to renounce "wars of aggression." This gave apparently a new turn to the negotiations. The State Department did not reply officially, but officers of the department pointed out that the term "aggressive" changed the entire meaning of the proposition and was not acceptable to the United States. In this position the State Department seems to have had the support of the American press. Editorially it was agreed that "renunciation" was too intricate an expression to define and that the French interpolation of this qualification left Mr. Kellogg's proposition denatured of its vital part and meaningless. Mr. Kellogg pointed out in his new note that the first French note of June 20, 1927, contained no limitation of wars of aggression. In this connection it is well to note that Sir Austen Chamberlain rejected the attempted definition of "aggressor" in the Geneva Protocol as, I believe, one who declines to submit a dispute to discussion in these words: "I therefore remain opposed to this attempt to define the 'aggressor' because I believe that it will be a trap for the innocent and a signpost for the guilty."

Considerable correspondence took place in the early part of 1928 as to the construction to be given to the proposed treaty. In his note of February 27, 1928, in explaining his objection to qualifications on the obligation to renounce war, Mr. Kellogg stated:

> The ideal which inspires the effort so sincerely and so hopefully put forward by your [the French] Government and mine is arresting and appealing just because of its purity and simplicity; and I cannot avoid the feeling that if governments should publicly acknowledge that they can only deal with this ideal in a technical spirit and must insist on the adoption of reservations impairing, if not utterly destroying, the true significance of their common endeavors, they would be in effect only recording their impotence, to the keen disappointment of mankind in general.

The same thought was expressed in Mr. Kellogg's speech to the Council of Foreign Relations on March 15, 1928, in which he said:

> It seems to me that any attempt to define the word "aggression" and by exceptions and qualifications to stipulate when nations are justified in going to war with one another would greatly weaken the effect of any treaty such as that under consideration and virtually destroy its positive value as a "guaranty of peace."

The subsequent negotiations, however, disclose the unfortunate fact that these very exceptions and qualifications to which Mr. Kellogg objected as so nullifying in effect have, in fact, found their way into the treaty as now universally construed.

The French Government maintained that the treaties must be construed so as not to bar the right of legitimate defense, the performance of obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations, under the treaties of Locarno, under its treaties of alliance with its allies—now for some unexplainable reason called treaties of neutrality—that the treaty was to become ineffective if violated by one nation, and that it was to be signed by every state before it became effective as to any state. With the exception of this last reservation, Secretary Kellogg agreed to this interpretation of the French Government in his speech before the American Society of International Law on April 28, 1928, and incorporated his interpretation of this reservation as to self-defense, wars under the League Covenant, under the treaties of Locarno, and certain undefined and evidently unknown "neutrality" treaties, in his note of June 23, 1928, to the Powers, some fifteen in number, adding that "none of these governments has expressed any dissent from the above-quoted construction."

In his note of May 19, 1928, accepting the American proposition in principle, Sir Austen Chamberlain for Great Britain expressed his assent to the reservations made by France and added a new one in the following paragraph:

> There are certain regions of the world, the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety. His Majesty's Government have been at pains to make it clear in the past that interference with these regions cannot be suffered. Their protection against attack is to the British Empire a measure of self-defense. It must be clearly understood that *His Majesty's Government in Great Britain accept the new treaty upon the distinct understanding that it does not prejudice their freedom of action in this respect.* The Government of the United States have comparable inter-

* An address delivered before the Williamstown Institute of Politics.

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ests, any disregard of which by a foreign Power they have declared they would regard as an unfriendly act.

The words in italic were repeated in the British note of July 18, 1928, undertaking to sign the treaty only on the understanding that the British Government maintain this freedom of action with respect to those regions of the world in which it had "a special and vital interest."

II

The original proposition of Mr. Kellogg was an unconditional renunciation of war. *The treaty now qualified by the French and British reservations constitutes no renunciation or outlawry of war, but in fact and in law a solemn sanction for all wars mentioned in the exceptions and qualifications.* When we look at the exceptions we observe that they include wars of self-defense, each party being free to make its own interpretation as to when self-defense is involved, wars under the League Covenant, under the Locarno treaties, and under the French treaties of alliance. If self-defense could be limited to the terms "to defend its territory from attack or invasion," as suggested by Mr. Kellogg, it would be of some value, but it is understood that no specific definition of self-defense is necessarily accepted. Considering these reservations, it would be difficult to conceive of any wars that nations have fought within the past century, or are likely to fight in the future, that cannot be accommodated under these exceptions. Far from constituting an outlawry of war, they constitute the most solemn sanction of specific wars that has ever been given to the world. This cannot be charged primarily to Secretary Kellogg, whose intentions were of the best, but is a result of the reservations insisted upon by European Powers, which, it is still to be feared, comprehend peace as a condition of affairs achieved through war or the threat of war. The mere renunciation of war in the abstract in the first article of the treaty has but little scope for application, in view of the wars in the concrete, which the accompanying construction of the treaty sanctions. It is idle to suppose that the official construction given to the treaty by all the signatory Powers is not as much an integral part of the treaty as if it had been made a part of Article 1.

Again it will be noticed that we recognize a British claim to use war as an instrument of national policy in certain undefined "regions of the world," any "interference" with which by anybody, including the United States, will be regarded by Great Britain as a cause of war. To this we subscribe. When the United States at the first Hague Conference secured recognition by our cosignatories for the Monroe Doctrine, it was regarded as an achievement of American diplomacy. But the Monroe Doctrine has geographical limits known to everybody. To this new British claim there are no geographical limits. The vague and expansive terms of the British claim to make war, now recognized by us, covers any part of the world in which Britain has "a special and vital interest." No such broad claim of the right to make war has ever before been recognized.

But the most extraordinary feature of this treaty still remains to be mentioned. It will have been noticed that we recognize the legality of League wars and Locarno wars. As Europe correctly seems to assume, we are now bound by League decisions as to aggressors and League policy generally but without any opportunity to take part in the deliberations leading to League conclusions. We indeed

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recognize by this treaty the legal right of the League to make war against us, and it will be observed that Sir Austen Chamberlain in his note of May 19, 1928, frankly admits that respect for the obligations arising out of the Covenant is "the foundation of the policy" of Great Britain. Whether the further European claim that we are bound to support League conclusions as to "aggressor" nations, and other political conclusions, either by joining with the League or by refusing to trade with the League-declared pariah, is sustainable or not, at the very best it places us in the uncomfortable position either of being bound by decisions in the making of which we had no part or of having recriminations leveled against us for refusing to support our treaty. The new contract begins with diverse interpretations of its obligations, for European views, reflected by Mr. Edwin James of the New York *Times*, leave no doubt that Europe regards this treaty as a means of involving us in European politics. And we are entangled in the most dangerous way, for we are bound by decisions made in our absence, even decisions made against ourselves—because the recognition of the French and British reservations, now made the authoritative interpretation of the treaty by all the signatories, is a commitment for us. Our hands are tied, not theirs. The reservations are made at our expense, not theirs. Far better and safer would it be had we openly joined the League of Nations and been privileged to take part in deliberations which may lead to most important consequences. We might have been able to prevent undesirable conclusions and use our bargaining power to obtain occasional benefits and advantages instead of disadvantages only. We are now about to sign a treaty in which we expressly recognize the right of the other signatories to make war upon anybody, including ourselves, for the purpose of enforcing, even against us, their mutual obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations, not to mention individual undefined national interests in any part of the world. They alone will determine the occasion of such action, without our participation.

In justice to Europe, it cannot be said that they have left us in doubt as to their conception of our obligations. Indeed, these obligations are expressly or implicitly contained in the very reservations which the United States has accepted. Should we repudiate these commitments, we shall be denounced as a violator of our own treaty and not without some justification.

It has not been a pleasant task to analyze these treaties. The original American proposal was progressive, pure and simple, to use Mr. Kellogg's expression. The European amendments transformed the proposal into something entirely different—into a universal sanction for war, into a recognition by us of Europe's right to wage war, even against the United States, whenever the individual interests of certain nations are deemed to require it and whenever the League, in its uncontrolled discretion, decides upon it.

Need more be said? Would it not be far better either to join the League outright and have a share in those deliberations which to us may be so portentous or, better still, make the recourse to arbitration of justiciable issues and the submission to conciliation of non-justiciable issues obligatory at the request of either party? That would be a positive commitment which would make war extremely difficult, whereas the present treaties make war extremely easy. It is to be doubted whether the supposed valuable psychological effects of renunciation of war in the abstract can counterbalance the positive legal sanction for war in the concrete. If this treaty is ever ratified, the test of its efficacy will be its effect on a limitation of armaments. The President's declaration that it is not expected to have any such effect and the avowed pleasure of certain foreign official newspapers at that promise hardly justify at the moment strong hopes of such a result. The abolition of war will, therefore, have to be pursued along other lines. Possibly in the elimination of the economic causes of conflict, including the attempted monopoly of raw materials and markets and in the entente of business interests across national boundaries, there lies more hope than in legal efforts to preserve by force the *status quo*. Other machinery is needed to make changes in existing conditions, when time and circumstances require. To that effort but little attention has yet been paid. These matters are mentioned merely to indicate that, even if the Kellogg treaties are not ratified or are accompanied by explanatory reservations on our part, the solution of the problem of war and peace among independent nations has, perhaps, hardly been begun.

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